

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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THE MUMMY OF SESOSTRIS.

*With M. Maspero in the Boulak Museum,
Cairo, June 1, 1886.*

AMONG his perfumed wrappings Ramses lay,
Son of the sun, the conqueror without peers;
The jewel-holes were in his rounded ears,
His thick lips closed above th' embalmer's
clay;
Unguent had turned his white locks amber-gray,
And on his puissant chin fresh from the
shears
The thin hair gleamed which full three thou-
sand years
Of careless sleep could never disarray.
Hands henna-stained across his ample breast
Were laid in peace; but though the narrow
eyes
Flamed fires no more beneath the forward
brow,
His keen hawk nose such pride, such power
expressed,
Near Kadesh stream we heard the Hittite
cries,
And saw by Hebrew toil San's temple
cities grow.

Academy.

H. D. RAUNSLEY.

AN IDEAL.

SHE was not fair, but in her face
There was a purity of soul
That gave each feature perfect grace,
Lit up and beautified the whole.

Her hand was not the "lily-flower"
Or "drifted snow" that poets sing;
But in its touch, so firm and kind,
There was a strength most comforting.

And little children clung to it,
And all the poor she clothed and fed
Knew what a cool and soothing touch
It laid upon the aching head!

Her laugh was low, and seldom heard;
Her smile, soon woke, most passing sweet;
Her sympathies went quickly forth
Another's joy or woe to meet.

Her creed? Ah me! she was not one
Who thought her own the only way,
And thanked her God, like him of old
Who "went up" in his pride to pray.

But, pressing on her upward road,
She strove to win all hearts for heaven,
And counted no man wholly lost
Who lived, so yet might be forgiven.

She knew Heaven's gate was opened wide,
She knew how great the joy within;
And, in her perfect charity,
She would have had *all* enter in!

Sunday Magazine.

B. BELL.

LOST AT SEA.

GOOD-NIGHT, beloved; the light is slowly
dying

From wood and field; and far away the sea
Moans deep within its bosom. Is it sighing
For those whose rest can never broken be;
For those who found their way to God, yet
never
Beneath green sod may rest, the sea holds
them forever?

Yes, deep and still your grave; the ocean
keeping

Whate'er it gains forever in its hold.
I know that in its depths you now are sleeping,
Quiet and dreamless as in churchyard mould;
But I have no still mound, as others, only
The memory of times past, 'mid days that now
are lonely.

Buried deep with you in the sea forever
Is all the brightness earth had once for me.
The spring returns; flowers bloom again; but
never

I feel the joy in bird, and flower, and tree;
I see, but feel not as in days of yore,
Those days that can come back to me, ah,
nevermore!

But yet I know that I am not forsaken.

"Lead thou me on," I now can calmly say.
None know the bitterness of sorrow taken
From out my heart, when I that prayer
could pray,

In his own time God took you in his keeping,
All earthly sorrows past, where there is no
more weeping.

Chambers' Journal. FLORENCE PEACOCK.

DREAMING.

I DREAMED as I slept last night.

And because the wild wind blew,
And because theplash of the angry rain,
Fell heavily on the window-pane,
I heard in my dream the sob of the main,
On the seaboard that I knew.

I dreamed as I slept last night.

And because the oaks outside
Swayed and groaned to the rushing blast,
I heard the crash of the stricken mast,
And the wailing shriek as the gale swept past,
And cordage and sail replied.

I dreamed as I slept last night.

And because my heart was there,
I saw where the stars shone large and bright,
And the heather budded upon the height,
With the cross above it standing white;
My dream was very fair.

I dreamed as I slept last night.

And because of its charm for me,
The inland voices had power to tell,
Of the sights and the sounds I love so well,
And they wrapt my fancy in the spell,
Wove only by the sea.

All The Year Round.

From The Contemporary Review.
A VENETIAN DYNASTY.

THE names of the doges of Venice, though so important in the old chronicles of the republic, which are in many cases little more than a succession of *vita duorum*, possess individually few associations and little significance to the minds of the strangers who gaze upon the long line of portraits under the cornice of the Hall of the Great Council, without pausing with special interest on any of them, save perhaps on that corner where, conspicuous by its absence, the head of Marino Faliero ought to be. The easy adoption of one figure, by no means particularly striking, or characteristic, but which served the occasion of the poet without giving him too much trouble, has helped to throw the genuine historical importance of a very remarkable succession of rulers into obscurity. But this long line of sovereigns, sometimes the guides, often the victims, of the popular will, stretching back with a clearer title and more comprehensible history than that of most dynasties, into the vague distances of old time, is full of interest, and contains many a tragic episode as striking and more significant than that of the aged prince whose picturesque story is the one most generally known. There are, indeed, few among them who have been publicly branded with the name of traitor; but, at least in the earlier chapters of the great civic history, there are as many examples of a popular struggle and a violent death as there are of the quiet ending and serene magnificence which seem fitted to the age and services of most of those who have risen to that dignity. They have been in many cases old men, already worn in the service of their country, most of them tried by land and sea — mariners, generals, legislators — fully equipped for all the various needs of a sovereignty whose dominion was the sea, yet which was at the same time weighted with all the vexations and dangers of a continental rule. Their elevation was, in later times, a crowning honor, a sort of dignified retirement from the ruder labors of civic use; but in the earlier ages of the republic this was not so, and at all times

it was a most dangerous post, and one whose occupant was most likely to pay for popular disappointments, to run the risk of all the conspiracies, and to be hampered and hindered by jealous counsellors, and the continual inspection of suspicious spectators. To change the doge was always an expedient by which Venice could propitiate fate and turn the course of fortune; and the greatest misfortunes recorded in her chronicles are those of her princes, whose names were to-day acclaimed to all the echoes, their paths strewed with flowers and carpeted with cloth of gold, but to-morrow insulted and reviled, and themselves exiled or murdered, all services to the State notwithstanding. Sometimes, no doubt, the overthrow was well deserved; but in other instances it can be set down to nothing but popular caprice. To the latter category belongs the story of the family of the Orseoli, which, at the very outset of authentic history, sets before us at a touch the early economy of Venice, the relations of the princes and the people, the enthusiasms, the tumults, the gusts of popular caprice, as well as the already evident predominance of a vigorous aristocracy, natural leaders of the people. The history of this noble family has the advantage of being set before us by the first distinct contemporary narrative, that of Giovanni Sagornino — John the deacon, John of Venice, as he is fondly termed by a recent historian. The incidents of their period of power, or at least of that of the two first princes of the name, incidents full of importance in the history of the rising republic, are the first that stand forth, out of the mist of nameless chronicles, as facts which were seen and recorded by a trustworthy witness.

The first Orseolo came into power after a popular tumult of the most violent description, which took the throne and his life from the previous doge, Pietro Candiano. This event occurred in the year 976, when such scenes were not unusual even in regions less excitable. Candiano was the fourth doge of his name, and had been in his youth associated with his father in the supreme authority, but in consequence of his rebellion and evil be-

havior had been displaced and exiled, his life saved only at the prayer of the old doge. On the death of his father, however, the young prodigal, presumably a favorite with the lower classes, had been acclaimed doge by the rabble. In this capacity he had done much to disgust and alarm the sensitive and proud republic. Chief among his offences was the fact that he had acquired, through his wife, continental domains which required to be kept in subjection by means of a body of armed retainers, dangerous for Venice; and he had been noted as of a proud and haughty disposition from his youth up, and had given frequent offence by his arrogance and exactions. Upon what occasion it was that the popular patience failed at last we are not told, but only that a sudden tumult arose against him, a rush of general fury. When the enraged mob hurried to the ducal palace, they found that the doge had fortified himself there; upon which they adopted the primitive method of setting fire to the surrounding buildings. Tradition asserts that it was from the house of Pietro Orseolo that the fire was kindled, and some say by his suggestion. It would seem that the crowd intended only to burn some of the surrounding houses to frighten or smoke out the doge; but the wind was high, and the ducal palace, with the greater part of San Marco, which was then merely the ducal chapel, was consumed, along with all the houses stretching upward along the course of the Grand Canal as far as Santa Maria Zobenigo. This sudden conflagration lights up, in the darkness of that distant age, a savage scene. The doge seized in his arms his young child, whether with the hope of saving it or saving himself by means of that shield of innocence, and made his way out of his burning house, through the church, which was also burning, though better able, probably, to resist the flames. But when he emerged from the secret passages of San Marco he found that the crowd had anticipated him, and that his way was barred on every side by armed men. The desperate fugitive confronted the multitude, and resorted to that method so often and sometimes so unexpectedly successful with the masses.

In the midst of the fire and smoke, surrounded by those threatening, fierce countenances, with red reflections glittering in every sword and lance-point, reflected over again in the sullen water, he made a last appeal. They had banished him in his youth, yet had relented, and recalled him and made him doge. Would they burn him now, drive him into a corner, kill him like a wild beast? And supposing even that he was worthy of death, what had the child done, an infant who had never sinned against them? This scene, so full of fierce and terrible elements, the angry roar of the multitude, the blazing of the fire behind that circle of tumult and agitation, the wild glare in the sky, and, amid all, the one soft infantine figure held up in the father's despairing arms, might afford a subject for a powerful picture in the long succession of Venetian records made by art.

When this tragedy had ended by the murder of both father and child, the choice of the city fell upon Pietro Orseolo as the new doge. An ecclesiastical historian of the time speaks of his "wicked ambition" as instrumental in the downfall of his predecessor, and of his future works of charity as dictated by remorse; but we are disposed to hope that this is merely said, as is not uncommon in religious story, to enhance the merits of his conversion. The secular chroniclers are unanimous in respect to his excellence. He was a man in everything the contrary of the late doge — a man approved of all men, and of whom nothing but good was known. Perhaps if he had any share in the tumult which ended in the murder of Candiano, his conscience may have made a crime of it when the hour of conversion came; but certainly in Venice there would seem to have been no accuser to say a word against him. In the confusion of the great fire and the disorganization of the city, "contaminated" by the murder of the prince, and all the disorders involved, Orseolo was forced into the uneasy seat whose occupant was sure to be the first victim if the affairs of Venice went wrong; and so complete had been the destruction of the doge's palace that he had at once to remove the insignia of office to his own

house, which was situated upon the Riva beyond and adjacent to the home of the doges. It is difficult to form to ourselves an idea of the aspect of the city at this early period. Venice, though already great, was in comparison with its after appearance a mere village, or rather a cluster of villages, straggling along the sides of each muddy, marshy island, keeping the line of the broad and navigable water-way, in dots of building and groups of houses and churches, from the olive-covered isle where San Pietro, the first great church of the city, shone white among its trees, along the curve of the Canaluccio to the Rialto — Rive-Alto, what Mr. Ruskin calls the deep stream, where the Church of St. Giacomo, another central spot, stood, with its group of dwellings round — no bridge then dreamed of, but a ferry connecting the two sides of the Grand Canal. Already the stir of commerce was in the air, and the big sea-going galleys, with their high bulwarks, lay at the rude wharfs, to take in outward-bound cargoes of salt, salt fish, wooden furniture, bowls and boxes of home manufacture, as well as the goods of northern nations, of which they were the carriers, and come back laden with the riches of the East, — with wonderful tissues and carpets, and marbles and relics of the saints. The palace and its chapel, the shrine of San Marco, stood where they still stand, but there were no columns on the Piazzetta, and the great Piazza was a piece of waste land belonging to the nuns at San Zaccaria, which was, one might say, the parish church. Most probably this vacant space in the days of the first Orseolo was little more than a waste of salt-water grasses, and sharp and acrid plants like those that now flourish in such rough luxuriance on the Lido, with perhaps a tree or two here and there, a patch of cultivated ground. Such was the scene — very different from the Venice of the earliest pictures, still more different from that we know. But already the lagoon was full of boats, and the streets of commotion, and Venice grew like a young plant, like the quick-spreading vegetation of her own warm, wet marshes, day by day.

The new doge proceeded at once to rebuild both the palace and the shrine. The energy and vigor of the man, who, with that desolate and smoking mass of ruin around him — three hundred houses burned to the ground, and all their forlorn inhabitants to house and care for — could yet address himself without a pause to the reconstruction on the noblest scale of the great twin edifices, the glorious dwelling of the saint, the scarcely less cared-for palace of the governor, the representative of law and order in Venice, has something wonderful in it. He was not rich, and neither was the city, which had in the midst of this disaster to pay the dower of the princess Valdrada, the widow of Candiano, whose claims were backed by the emperor Otto, and would, if refused, have brought upon the republic all the horrors of war. Orseolo gave up a great part of his own patrimony, however, to the rebuilding of the church and palace; eight thousand ducats a year for eighty years (the time which elapsed before its completion), say the old records, he devoted to this noble and pious purpose, and sought far and near for the best workmen, some of whom came as far as from Constantinople, the metropolis of all the arts. How far the walls had risen in his day, or how much he saw accomplished or heard of before the end of his life, it is impossible to tell. But one may fancy how, amid all the toils of the troubled State, while he labored and pondered how to get that money together for Valdrada, and pacify the emperor and her other powerful friends, and how to reconcile all factions, and heal all wounds, and house more humbly his poor burned-out citizens — the sight from his windows of those fair solid walls, rising out of the ruins, must have comforted his soul. Let us hope he saw the round of some lower arch, the rearing of some pillar, a pearly marble slab laid on, or at least the carved work on the basement of a column, before he went away.

The historian tells us that it was Orseolo also who ordered from Constantinople the famous *pala d'oro*, the wonderful gold and silver work which still on high days and festas is disclosed to the eyes of the

faithful on the great altar, one of the most magnificent ornaments of San Marco. It is a pity that inquisitive artists and antiquaries with their investigations have determined this work to be at least two centuries later in date; but Sagornino, who was the doge's contemporary, could not have foreseen the work of a later age, so that he must certainly refer to some former *tabulam miro opere ex argento et auro* which Orseolo in his magnificence added to his other gifts. Nor did the doge confine his bounty to these great and beautiful works. If the beauty of Venice was dear to him, divine charity was still more dear. Opposite the rising palace, where now stands the Libreria Vecchia, taking advantage of a site cleared by the fire, he built a hospital, still standing in the time of Sabellico, who speaks of it as the "hospital in the piazza opposite the palace;" and here, according to the tale, the doge constantly visited and cared for the sick poor.

It must have been while still in the beginning of all these great works, but already full of many cares, the Candiano faction working against him, and perhaps but little response coming from the people to whom he was sacrificing his comfort and his life, that Orseolo received a visit which changed the course of his existence. Among the pilgrims who came from all quarters to the shrine of the evangelist, a certain French abbot, Carinus or Guarino, of the monastery of St. Michel de Cusano, in Aquitaine, arrived in Venice. It was Orseolo's custom to have all such pious visitors brought to his house and entertained there during their stay, and he found in Abbot Guarino a congenial soul. They talked together of all things in heaven and earth; of this wonderful new Venice rising from the sea, with all her half-built churches and palaces; and of the holy relics brought from every coast for her enrichment and sanctification, the bodies of the saints which made almost every church a sacred shrine. And no doubt the cares of the doge's troubled life, the burdens laid on him daily, the threats of murder and assassination, with which, instead of gratitude, his self-devotion was received, were poured into the sympathetic ear of the priest, who on his side drew such pictures of the holy peace of monastic life, the tranquillity and blessed privations of the cloister, as made the heart of the doge to burn within him. "If thou wouldest be perfect"—said the abbot, as on another occasion a greater voice had said. "Oh, benefactor

of my soul!" cried the doge, beholding a vista of new hope opening before him, a halcyon world of quiet, a life of sacrifice and prayer. He had already for years lived like a monk, putting all the indulgences of wealth and even affection aside. For the moment, however, he had too many occupations on his hands to make retirement possible. He asked for a year in which to arrange his affairs; to put order in the republic and liberate himself. With this agreement the abbot left him, but true to his engagement, when the heats of September were once more blazing on the lagoon, came back to his penitent. The doge in the mean time had made all his arrangements. No doubt it was in this solemn year, which no one knew was to be the end of his life in the world, that he set aside so large a part of his possessions for the prosecution of the buildings which now he could no longer hope to see completed. When all these preliminaries were settled, and everything done, Orseolo, with a chosen friend or two, one of them his son-in-law, the sharer of his thoughts and his prayers, took boat silently one night across the still lagoon to Fusina, where horses awaited them, and so, flying in the darkness over the mainland, abandoned the cares of the principedom and the world.

Of the chaos that was left behind, the consternation of the family, the confusion of the State, the record says nothing. This was not a view of the matter which occurred to the primitive mind. We are apt to think with reprobation, perhaps too strongly expressed, of the cowardice of duties abandoned and the cruelty of ties broken. But in the early ages no one seems to have taken this view. The sacrifice made by a prince, who gave up power and freedom, and all the advantages of an exalted position, in order to accept privation and poverty for the love of God, was more perceptible then to the general intelligence than the higher self-denial of supporting, for the love of God, the labors and miseries of his exalted but dangerous office. The tumult and commotion which followed the flight of Orseolo were not mingled with blame or reproach. The doge, in the eyes of his generation, chose the better part, and offered a sacrifice with which God himself could not but be well pleased.

He was but fifty when he left Venice, having reigned a little over two years. Guarino placed his friend under the spiritual rule of a certain stern and holy man, the saintly Romualdo, in whose life and

legend we find the only record of Pietro Orseolo's latter days. St. Romoaldo was the founder of the order of the Camaldoites, practising in his own person the greatest austerity of life, and imposing it upon his monks, to whom he refused even the usual relaxation of better fare on Sunday, which had been their privilege. The noble Venetians, taken from the midst of their liberal and splendid life, were set to work at the humble labors of husbandmen upon this impoverished diet. He who had been the doge Pietro presently found that he was incapable of supporting so austere a rule. "Wherefore he humbly laid himself at the feet of the blessed Romoaldo, and, being bidden to rise, with shame confessed his weakness. 'Father,' he said, 'as I have a great body, I cannot for my sins sustain my strength with this morsel of hard bread.' Romoaldo, having compassion on the frailty of his body, added another portion of biscuit to the usual measure, and thus held out the hand of pity to the sinking brother." The comic pathos of the complaint of the big Venetian, bred amid the freedom of the seas, and expected to live and work upon half a biscuit, is beyond comment.

He lived many years in the humility of conventional subjection, and died, apparently without any advancement in religious life, in the far distance of France, never seeing his Venice again. In after years, his son, who was only fifteen at the period of the doge's flight, and who was destined in his turn to do so much for Venice, visited his father in his obscure retirement. The meeting between the almost too generous father, who had given so much to Venice, and had completed the offering by giving up himself to the hard labors and humility of monastic life, and the ambitious youth full of the highest projects of patriotism and courage, must have been a remarkable scene. The elder Pietro in his cloister had no doubt pondered much on Venice and on the career of the boy whom he had left behind him there, and whose character and qualities must have already shown themselves; and much was said between them on this engrossing subject. Orseolo, "whether by the spirit of prophecy or by special revelation, predicted to him all that was to happen. 'I know,' he said, 'my son, that they will make you doge, and that you will prosper. Take care to preserve the rights of the Church, and those of your subjects. Be not drawn aside from doing justice, either by love or by hate.'" Better counsel could no fallen monarch give,

and Orseolo was happier than many fathers in a son worthy of him."

The city deprived of such a prince was very sad, but still more full of longing: "*Molto trista ma più desiderosa*," says Sabellico; and his family remained dear to Venice — for as long as popular favor usually lasts. Pietro died nineteen years after in the odor of sanctity, and was canonized to the glory of his city. His *breve*, the inscription under his portrait in the great hall, attributes to him the building of San Marco, as well as many miracles and wonderful works. The miracles, however, were performed far from Venice, and have no place in her records, except those deeds of charity and tenderness which he accomplished among his people before he left them. These the existing corporation of Venice, never unwilling to chronicle either a new or antique glory, have lately celebrated by an inscription, which the traveller will see from the little bay in which the canal terminates, just behind the upper end of the Piazza. This little triangular opening among the tall houses is called the Bacino Orseolo, and bears a marble tablet to the honor of the first Pietro of this name, *il santo*, high up upon the wall.

In the agitation and trouble caused by Orseolo's unexpected disappearance, a period of discord and disaster began. A member of the Candiano party was placed in the doge's seat for a short and agitated reign, and he was succeeded by a rich but feeble prince, in whose time occurred almost the worst disorders that had ever been known in Venice — a bloody struggle between two families, one of which had the unexampled baseness to seek the aid against his native city of foreign arms. The only incident which we need mention of this disturbed period is, that the doge Memmo bestowed upon Giovanni Morosini, Orseolo's companion and son-in-law, who had returned a monk to his native city — perhaps called back by the misfortunes of his family — a certain "beautiful little island, covered with olives and cypresses," which lay opposite the doge's palace, and is now known to every visitor of Venice as San Georgio Maggiore. There was already a chapel dedicated to St. George among the trees.

Better things, however, were now in store for the republic. After the incapable Memmo, young Pietro was called, according to his father's prophecy, to the ducal throne. "When the future historian of Venice comes to the deeds of this great doge he will feel his soul enlarged,"

says Sagredo, the author of a valuable study of Italian law and economics; "it is no more a new-born people of whom he will have to speak, but an adult nation, rich, conquering, full of traffic and wealth." The new prince had all the qualities which were wanted for the consolidation and development of the republic. He had known something of that bitter but effectual training of necessity which works so nobly in generous natures. His father's brief career in Venice, and his counsels from his cell, were before him, both as example and encouragement. He had been in France; he had seen the world. He had an eye to mark that the moment had come for larger action and bolder self-assertion, and he had strength of mind to carry his conceptions out. And he had that touching advantage, the stepping-stone of a previous life sacrificed and unfulfilled, upon which to raise the completeness of his own. In short, he was the man of the time, prepared to carry out the wishes and realize the hopes of his age; and when he became at the age of thirty, in the fulness of youthful strength, the first magistrate of Venice, a new chapter of her history began.

It was in the year 991, on the eve of a new century, sixteen years after his father's abdication, that the second Pietro Orseolo began to reign. The brawls of civil contention disappeared on his accession, and the presence of a prince who was at the same time a strong man, and fully determined to defend and extend his dominion, became instantly apparent to the world. His first efforts were directed to secure the privileges of Venice by treaty with the emperors of the East and West, establishing her position by written charter under the golden seal of Constantinople, and with not less efficacy from the imperial chancellorship of the German Otto. On both sides an extension of privilege and the remission of certain tributes were secured. Having settled this, Pietro turned his attention to the great necessity of the moment, upon which the very existence of the republic depended. Up to this time Venice, to free herself from the necessity of "holding the rudder in one hand and the sword in the other," had paid a certain blackmail — such as was exacted till recent times by the corsairs of Africa — to the pirate tribes who were the scourge of the seas, sometimes called Narentani, sometimes Schiavoni and Croats by the chroniclers, allied bands of sea-robbers who infested the Adriatic. The time had come, however, when it was

no longer seemly that the proud city, growing daily in power and wealth, should stoop to secure her safety by such means. The payment was accordingly stopped, and an encounter followed, in which the pirates were defeated. Enraged, but impotent, not daring to attack Venice, or risk their galleys in the intricate channels of the lagoons, they set upon the unoffending towns of Dalmatia, and made a raid along the coast, robbing and ravaging. The result was that from all the neighboring seaboard ambassadors arrived in haste, asking the help of the Venetians. The cruelties of the corsairs had already, more than once, reduced the seaports and prosperous cities of this coast to the point of desperation, and they caught at the only practicable help with the precipitancy of suffering. The doge thus found the opportunity he sought, and took advantage of it without a moment's delay. At once the arsenal was set to work, and a great expedition decided upon. The appeal thus made by the old to the new, the ancient cities, which had been in existence while she was but a collection of swamp and salt-water marshes, seeking deliverance from the new-born miraculous city of the sea, is the most striking testimony to the growing importance of Venice. It was at the same time her opportunity and the beginning of her conquests and victories.

When the great expedition was ready to set out, the doge went in solemn state to the cathedral church of San Pietro in Castello, and received from the hands of the bishop the standard of San Marco, with which he went on board. It was spring when the galleys sailed, and Dandolo tells us that they were blown by contrary winds to Grado, where Vitale Candiano was now peacefully occupying his see as patriarch. Perhaps something of the old feud still subsisting made Orseolo unwilling to enter the port in which the son of the murdered doge, whom his own father had succeeded, was supreme. But if this had been the case, his doubts must have soon been set at rest by the patriarch's address. He came out to meet the storm-driven fleet with his clergy and his people, and added to the armament, not only his blessing, but the standard of Santa Hermagora to bring them victory. Thus endowed, with the two blessed banners blowing over them, the expedition set sail once more. The account of the voyage that follows is for some time that of a kind of royal progress by sea, the galleys passing in triumph from one port to another, an-

ticipated by processions coming out to meet them, bishops with their clergy streaming forth, and all the citizens, private and public, hurrying to offer their allegiance to their defenders. Wherever holy relics were enshrined, the doge landed to visit them and pay his devotions; and everywhere he was met by ambassadors tendering the submission of another and another town or village, declaring themselves "willingly" subjects of the republic, and enrolling their young men among its soldiers. That this submission was not so real as it appeared is proved by the subsequent course of events, and the perpetual rebellions of those very cities; but in their moment of need nothing but enthusiasm and delight were apparent to the deliverers. At Trau, a brother of the Sclavonian king fell into the hands of the doge and sought his protection, giving up his son Stefano as a hostage into the hands of the conquering prince.

At last, having cleared the seas, the expedition came to the nest of robbers itself, the impregnable city of Lagosta. "It is said," Sabelllico reports with a certain awe, "that its position was pointed out by the precipices on each side rising up in the midst of the sea. The Narentani trusted in its strength, and here all the corsairs took refuge, when need was, as in a secure fortress." The doge summoned the city to surrender, which they would gladly have done, the same historian informs us, had they not feared the destruction of their city; but on that account, "for love of their country, than which there is nothing more dear to men," they made a stubborn defence. Dandolo adds that the doge required the destruction of the place as a condition of peace. After a desperate struggle the fortress was taken, notwithstanding the natural strength of the rocky heights, and of the *rocca*, or great tower, that crowned the whole. The object of the expedition was fully accomplished when the pirates' nest and stronghold was destroyed. "For nearly a hundred and sixty years the possession of the sea had been contested with varying fortune;" now once for all the matter was settled. "The army returned victorious to the ships. The prince had purged the sea of robbers, and all the maritime parts of Istria, of Liburnia, and of Dalmatia, were brought under the power of Venice." With what swelling sails, *con vento prospero*, the fleet must have swept back to the anxious city which, with no post nor despatch boat to carry her tidings, gazed

silent, waiting in that inconceivable patience of old times, with anxious eyes watching the horizon! How the crowds must have gathered on the old primitive quays when the first faint rumor flew from Malamocco and the other sentinel isles, of sails at hand! How many boats must have darted forth, their rowers half distracted with haste and suspense, to meet the returning armada and know the worst! Who can doubt that then, as always, there were some to whom the good news brought anguish and sorrow? but of that the chroniclers tell us nothing. And among all our supposed quickening of life in modern times, can we imagine a moment of living more intense, or sensations more acute, than those with which the whole city must have watched, one by one, the galleys bearing along with all their tokens of victory, threading their way, slow even with the most prosperous wind, through the windings of the narrow channels, until the first man could leap on shore and the wonderful news be told?

There was then no custom of triumphs [says the record] but the doge entered the city triumphant, surrounded by the grateful people, and there made public declaration of all the things he had done — how all Istria and the seacoast to the furthest confines of Dalmatia with all the neighboring islands, by the clemency of God and the success of the expedition, were made subject to the Venetian dominion. With magnificent words he was applauded by the Great Council, which ordained that not only of Venice but of Dalmatia he and his successors should be proclaimed doge.

Thus the first great conquest of the Venetians was accomplished, and the infant city made mistress of the seas.

It was on the return of Pietro Orseolo from this triumphant expedition, and in celebration of his conquests, that the great national festivity, called in after days the Espousal of the Sea, the Feast of La Sensa, Ascension Day, was first instituted. The original ceremony was simpler but little less imposing than its later development. The clergy in a barge covered with cloth of gold, and in all possible glory of vestments and sacred ornaments, set out from among the olive woods of San Pietro in Castello, and met the doge in his still more splendid barge at the Lido; where, after litanies and psalms, the bishop rose and prayed aloud in the hearing of all the people, gathered in boat and barge and every skiff that would hold water, in a far-extending crowd along the sandy line of the flat shore. "Grant, O Lord, that this sea

may be to us and to all who sail upon it, tranquil and quiet. To this end we pray. Hear us, good Lord." Then the boat of the ecclesiastics approached closely the boat of the doge, and while the singers intoned *Aspergi me, O Signor*, the bishop sprinkled the doge and his court with holy water, pouring what remained into the sea. A very touching ceremonial, more primitive and simple, perhaps more real and likely to go to the hearts of the seafaring population all gathered round, than the more elaborate and triumphant histrionic spectacle of the Sposalizio. It had been on Ascension Day that Orseolo's expedition had set forth, and no day could be more suitable than this victorious day of early summer, when nature is at her sweetest, for the great festival of the lagoons.

These victories and successes must have spread the name of the Venetians and their doge far and wide; and it is evident that they had moved the imagination of the young emperor Otto II., between whom and Orseolo a link of union had already been formed through the doge's third son, who had been sent to the court at Verona to receive there the *sacramento della chrisma*, the rite of confirmation, under the auspices of the emperor, who changed the boy's name from Pietro to Otto, in sign of high favor and affection. When the news of the conquest of Dalmatia, the extinction of the pirates, and all the doge's great achievements reached the emperor's ears, his desire to know so remarkable a man grew so strong that an anonymous visit was planned between them. Under the pretext of taking sea-baths at an obscure island, Otto made a sudden and secret dash across the sea and reached the Convent of San Servolo on the island which still bears that name, and which is now one of the two melancholy asylums for the insane which stand on either side of the water-way opposite Venice. The doge hurried across the water, as soon as night had come, to see his imperial visitor, and brought him back to pay his devotions, "according to Otto's habit," at the shrine of San Marco. Let us hope the moon was resplendent, as she knows how to be over these waters, when the doge brought the emperor across the shining lagoon in what primitive form of gondola was then in fashion, with the dark forms of the rowers standing out against the silvery background of sea and sky, and the little waves in a thousand ripples of light reflecting the glory of the heavens. One

can imagine the nocturnal visit, the hasty preparations, and the great darkness of San Marco, half built, with all its scaffoldings ghostly in the silence of the night, and one bright illuminated spot, the hasty blaze of the candles flaring about the shrine. When the emperor had said his prayers before the sacred spot which contained the body of the evangelist, the patron of Venice, he was taken into the palace, which filled him with wonder and admiration, so beautiful was the house which, out of the burning and ruins of twenty years before, had now apparently been completed. It is said by Sagornino (the best authority) that Otto was secretly lodged in the eastern tower, and from thence made private expeditions into the city, and saw everything; but later chroniclers, probably deriving these details from traditional sources, increase the romance of the visit by describing him as recrossing to San Servolo, whither the doge would steal off privately every night to sup *domesticamente* with his guest. In one of the night visits to San Marco the doge's little daughter, newly born, was christened, the emperor himself holding her at the font. Perhaps this little domestic circumstance, which disabled her Serenity the dogaressa, had something to do with the secrecy of the visit, which does not seem sufficiently accounted for, unless, as some opine, the emperor wanted secretly to consult Orseolo on great plans which he did not live to carry out. Three days after Otto's departure the doge called the people together, and informed them of the visit he had received, and further concessions and privileges which he had secured for Venice. "Which things," says the record, "were pleasant to them, and they applauded the industry of Orseolo in concealing the presence of so great a lord." Here it is a little difficult to follow the narrator. It would be more natural to suppose that the Venetians, always fond of a show, might have shown a little disappointment at being deprived of the sight of such a fine visitor. It is said by some, however, that to celebrate the great event, and perhaps make up to the people for not having seen the emperor, a tournament of several days' duration was held by Orseolo in the waste ground which is now the Piazza. At all events the incident only increased his popularity.

Nor was this the only honor which came to his house. Some time after, the city of Bari was saved by Orseolo's arms and valor from an invasion of the Saracens;

and the grateful emperors of the East, Basilio and Constantine, by way of testifying their thanks, invited the doge's eldest son Giovanni to Constantinople, where he had a princely welcome, and shortly after was married to a princess of the imperial house. When the young couple returned to Venice they were received with extraordinary honors, festivities, and delight, the doge going to meet them with a splendid train of vessels, and such rejoicing as had never before been beheld in Venice. And permission was given to Orseolo to associate his son with him in his authority — a favor only granted to those whom Venice most delighted to honor, and which was the highest expression of popular confidence and trust.

"But since there is no human felicity which is not disturbed by some adversity," says the sympathetic chronicle, trouble and sorrow now burst upon this happy and prosperous reign. First came a great pestilence, by which the young Giovanni, the hope of the house, the newly appointed coadjutor, was carried off, along with his wife and infant child, and which carried dismay and loss throughout the city. Famine followed naturally upon the epidemic and the accompanying panic, which paralyzed all exertion; and mourning and misery prevailed. His domestic grief and the public misfortune would seem to have broken the heart of the great doge. After Giovanni's death he was permitted to take his younger son Otto as his coadjutor; but even this did not avail to comfort him. He made a remarkable will, dividing his goods into two parts, one for his children, another for the poor, "for the use and solace of all in our republic" — a curious phrase, by some supposed to mean entertainments and public pleasures, by others relief from taxes and public burdens. When he died his body was carried to San Zaccaria, "through the sad and weeping city," with all kinds of magnificence and honor. And Otto his son reigned in his stead.

Otto, it is evident, must have appeared up to this time the favorite of fortune, the flower of the Orseoli. He had been half adopted by the emperor; he had made a magnificent marriage with a princess of Hungary; he had been sent on embassies and foreign missions; and finally, when his elder brother died, he had been associated with his father as his coadjutor and successor. He was still young when Pietro's death gave him the full authority (though his age can scarcely have

been, as Sabellico says, nineteen). His character is said to have been as perfect as his position. "He was Catholic in faith, calm in virtue, strong in justice, eminent in religion, decorous in his way of living, great in riches, and so full of all kinds of goodness, that by his merits he was judged of all to be the most fit successor of his excellent father and blessed grandfather," says Doge Dandolo. But perhaps these abstract virtues were not of the kind to fit a man for the difficult position of doge, in the midst of a jealous multitude of his equals, all as eligible for that throne as he, and keenly on the watch to stop any succession which looked like the beginning of a dynasty. Otto had been much about courts; he had learned how emperors were served; and his habits, perhaps, had been formed at that ductile time of life when he was caressed as the godson of the imperial Otto, and as a near connection of the still more splendid emperors of the East. And it was not only he, whose preferment was a direct proof of national gratitude to his noble father, against whom a jealous rival, a (perhaps) anxious nationalist, had to guard. His brother Orso, who during his father's lifetime had been made Bishop of Torcello, was elevated to the higher office of patriarch some years after his brother's accession, so that the highest power and place, both secular and sacred, were in the hands of one family — a fact which would give occasion for many an insinuation, and leaven the popular mind with suspicion and alarm.

It was through the priestly brother Orso that the first attack upon the family of the Orseoli came. Otto had reigned for some fifteen or sixteen years with advantage and honor to the republic, showing himself a worthy son of his father, and keeping the authority of Venice paramount along the unruly Dalmatian coast, where rebellions were things of yearly occurrence — when trouble first appeared. Of Orso, the patriarch, up to this time, little has been heard, save that it was he who rebuilt, or restored, out of the remains of the earlier church, the cathedral of Torcello, still the admiration of all beholders. His grandfather had begun, his father had carried on, the great buildings of Venice, the church and the palace, which the emperor Otto had come secretly to see, and which he had found beautiful beyond all imagination. It would be difficult now to determine what corner of antique work may still remain in that glorious group which is theirs. But Orso's cathedral

still stands distinct, lifting its lofty walls over the low edge of green, which is all that separates it from the sea. His foot has trod the broken mosaics of the floor; his voice has intoned canticle and litany under that lofty roof. The knowledge that framed the present edifice, the reverence which preserved for its decoration all those lovely relics of earlier times, the delicate Greek columns, the enrichments of Eastern art — were, if not his, fostered and protected by him. Behind the high altar, on the bishop's high cold marble throne overlooking the great temple, he must have sat among his presbyters, and controlled the counsels and led the decisions of a community then active and wealthy, which has now disappeared as completely as the hierarchy of priests which once filled those rows of stony benches. The ruins of the old Torcello are now but mounds under the damp grass; but Bishop Orso's work stands fast, as his name, in faithful brotherly allegiance and magnanimous truth to his trust, ought to stand.

The attack came from a certain Poppo, patriarch of Aquila, an ecclesiastic of the most warlike mediæval type, of German extraction or race, who, perhaps with the desire of reasserting the old supremacy of his see over that of Grado, perhaps stirred up by the factions in Venice, who were beginning to conspire against the Orseoli, began to threaten the seat of Bishop Orso. The records are very vague as to the means employed by this episcopal warrior. He accused Orso before the pope as an intruder not properly elected; but without waiting for any decision on that point, assailed him in his see. Possibly Poppo's attack on Grado coincided with tumults in the city — "great discord between the people of Venice and the doge" — so that both the brothers were threatened at once. However that may be, the next event in the history is the flight of both doge and patriarch to Istria — an extraordinary event of which no explanation is given by any of the authorities. They were both in the prime of life, and had still a great party in their favor, so that it seems impossible not to conjecture some weakness, most likely on the part of the doge Otto, to account for this abandonment of the position to their enemies. That there was great anarchy and misery in Venice during the interval of the prince's absence is evident, but how long it lasted, or how it came about, we are not informed. All that the chroniclers say (for by this time

the guidance of Sagornino has failed us, and there is no contemporary chronicle to refer to) concerns Grado, which, in the absence of its bishop, was taken by the lawless Poppo. He swore "by his eight oaths," says Sanudo, that he meant nothing but good to that hapless city; but as soon as he got within the gates gave it up to the horrors of a sack, outraging its population and removing the treasure from its churches. Venice, alarmed by this unmasking of the designs of the clerical invader, repented her own hasty folly, and recalled her doge, who recovered Grado for her with a promptitude and courage which makes his flight, without apparently striking a blow for himself, more remarkable still. But this renewed prosperity was of short duration. The factions that had risen against him were but temporarily quieted, and as soon as Grado and peace were restored, broke out again. The second time Otto would not seem to have had time to fly. He was seized by his enemies, his beard shaven off, whether as a sign of contempt, or by way of consigning him to the cloister — that asylum for dethroned princes — we are not told, and his reign thus ignominiously and suddenly brought to an end.

The last chapter in the history of the Orseoli is, however, the most touching of all. Whatever faults Otto may have had (and the chroniclers will allow none), he at least possessed the tender love of his family. The patriarch, Orso, once more followed him into exile; but coming back as soon as safety permitted, would seem to have addressed himself to the task of righting his brother. Venice had not thriven upon her ingratitude and disorder. A certain Domenico Centranico, the enemy of the Orseoli, had been hastily raised to the doge's seat, but could not restore harmony. Things went badly on all sides for the agitated and insubordinate city. The new emperor, Conrad, refused to ratify the usual grant of privileges, perhaps because he had no faith in the revolutionary government. Poppo renewed his attacks, the Dalmatian cities seized, as they invariably did, the occasion to rebel. And the new doge was evidently, like so many other revolutionists, stronger in rebellion than in defence of his country. What with these griefs and agitations, which contrasted strongly with the benefits of peace at home and an assured government, what with the pleadings of the patriarch, the Venetians once more recognized their mistake. The changing of the popular mind in those days always required

a victim, and Doge Centranico was, in his turn, seized, shaven, and banished. The crisis recalls the earlier primitive chapters of Venetian history, when almost every reign ended in tumult and murder. But Venice had learned the advantages of law and order, and the party of the Orseoli recovered power in the revulsion of popular feeling. The dishonored but rightful doge was in Constantinople, hiding his misfortunes in some cloister or other resort of the exile. The provisional rulers of the republic, whoever they might be — probably the chief supporters of the Orseoli — found nothing so advantageous to still the tempest as to implore the patriarch Orso to fill his brother's place while they sent a commission to Constantinople to find Otto and bring him home. The faithful priest who had worked so loyally for the exile accepted the charge, and leaving his bishopric and its administration to his deputies, established himself in the palace where he had been born, and took the government of Venice into his hands. It was work to the routine of which he had been used all his life, and probably no man living was so well able to perform it; and it might be supposed that the natural ambition of a Venetian and a member of a family which had reigned over Venice for three generations would stir even in a churchman's veins, when he found the government of his native State in his hands; for the consecration of the priesthood, however it may extinguish all other passions, has never been known altogether to quench that last infirmity of noble minds. Peace and order, however, followed the advent of the bishop-prince to power.

Meanwhile the embassy set out, with a third brother, Vitale, the Bishop of Torcello, at its head, to prove to the banished Otto that Venice meant well by him, and that the ambassadors intended no treachery. Whether they were detained by the hazards of the sea, or whether their time was employed in searching out the retirement where the deposed doge had withdrawn to die, the voyage of the embassy occupied more than a year, coming and going. During these long months, Orso reigned in peace. Though he was only vice doge, says Sanudo, for the justice of his government he was placed by the Venetians in the catalogue of the doges. Not a word of censure is recorded of his peaceful sway. The storms seem changed to a calm under the rule of this faithful priest. In the splendor of those halls which his fathers had built he ruled

over Venice on one hand, and on the other watched and waited for the ships sailing back across the lagoons, bringing the banished Otto home. How many a morning must he have looked out before he said his mass, upon the rising dawn, and watched the blueness of the skies and seas grow clear in the east, where lay his bishopric, his flock, his cathedral, and all the duties that were his; and with anxious eyes swept the winding of the level waters, still and grey, the metallic glimmer of the *acqua morta*, the navigable channels that gleamed between. When a sail came in sight between those lines, stealing up from Malamocco, what expectations must have moved his heart! He was, it would appear, a little older than Otto, his next brother, perhaps his early childish care-taker before thrones episcopal or secular were dreamt of for the boys; and a priest, who has neither wife nor children of his own, has double room in his heart for the passion of fraternity. It would not seem that Orso took more power upon him than was needful for the interests of the people; there is no record of war in his brief reign. He struck a small coin, "a little silver piece of money," called *ursiolo*, but did nothing else save keep peace, and preserve his brother's place for him. But when the ships came back, their drooping banners and mourning array must have told the news long before they cast anchor in the lagoon. Otto was dead in exile. There is nothing said to intimate that they had brought back even his body to lay it with his fathers in San Zaccaria. The banished prince had found an exile's grave.

After this sad end to his hopes the noble Orso showed how magnanimous and disinterested had been his inspiration. Not for himself, but for Otto, he had held that trust. He laid down at once those honors which were not his, and returned to his own charge and duties. His withdrawal closes the story of the family with a dignity and decorum worthy of a great race. His disappointment, the failure of all the hopes of the family, all the anticipations of brotherly affection, have no record; but who can doubt that they were bitter? Misfortune more undeserved never fell upon an honorable house; and it is hard to tell which is most sad — the death of the deposed prince in the solitude of that Eastern world where all was alien to him, or, after a brief resurrection of hope, the withdrawal of the faithful brother, his heart sick with all the wistful vicissitudes of a baffled expectation, to resume his

bishopric and his life as best he could. It is a pathetic ending to a noble and glorious day.

Many years after this Orso still held his patriarchate in peace and honor, and the name of the younger brother Vitale, his successor at Torcello, appears as a member along with him of an ecclesiastical council for the reform of discipline and doctrine in the Church; while their sister Felicia is mentioned as abbess of one of the convents at Torcello. But the day of the Orseoli was over. A member of the family, Domenico, "a near relation," made an audacious attempt, in the agitation that followed the withdrawal of Orso, to seize the supreme power, and was favored by many, the chroniclers say. But his attempt was unsuccessful, and his usurpation lasted only a day. The leader of the opposing party, Flabenico, was elected doge in the reaction, which doubtless this foolish effort of ambition stimulated greatly. And perhaps it was this reason also which moved the people, startled into a new scare by their favorite bugbear of dynastic succession, to consent to the cruel and most ungrateful condemnation of the Orseoli family which followed, sentencing them to be denuded of all rights, and pronounced incapable henceforward of holding any office under the republic. The prohibition would seem to have been of little practical importance, since of the children of Pietro Orseolo the Great there remained none except priests and nuns, whose indignation when the news reached them must have been as great as it was impotent. We may imagine with what swelling hearts they must have met, in the shadow of that great sanctuary which they had built, the two bishops, one of whom had been doge in Venice, and the abbess in her convent, with perhaps a humbler nun or two of the same blood behind, separated only by the still levels of the lagoon from where the towers and spires of Venice rose from the bosom of the waters — Venice, their birthplace, the home of their glory, from which their race was now shut out. If any curse of Rome trembled from their lips, if any appeal for anathema and excommunication, who could have wondered? But, like other wrongs, that great popular ingratitude faded away, and the burning of the hearts of the injured found no expression. The three consecrated members of the doomed family, perhaps sad enough once at the failure of the succession, must have found a certain bitter satisfaction then in the thought that their

Otto, deposed and dead, had left no child behind him.

But the voice of history has taken up the cause of this ill-rewarded race. The chroniclers with one voice proclaim the honor of the Orseoli, with a visionary partisanship in which even a writer of the present day may be allowed to share, though eight centuries have come and gone since Venice abjured the family which had served her so well. Sabelllico tells with indignant satisfaction that he can find nothing to record, that is worthy the trouble, of Flabenico, their enemy, except that he grew old and died. *Non ragionam di lor.* The insignificant and envious rival, who brings ruin to the last survivors of a great race, is unworthy further comment.

Such proscriptions, however, are rarely so successful. The Orseoli disappear altogether from history, and their name during all the historic ages, though reappearing once or twice in obscure positions, was never heard again with power in Venice. Domenico, the audacious usurper of a day, died at Ravenna very shortly after. Even their great buildings, with the exception of Torcello, have disappeared under the splendor of later ornament, or more recent construction. Their story has the completeness of an epic — they lived, and ruled, and conquered, and made Venice great. Under their sway she became the mistress of the sea. And then it was evident that they had completed their mission, and the race came to an end, receiving its dismissal in the course of nature from those whom it had best served. Few families thus recognize the logic of circumstances; they linger out in paltry efforts — in attempts to reverse the sentence pronounced by the ingratitude of the fickle mob, or any other tyrant with whom they may have to do. But whether with their own will or against it, the Orseoli made no struggle. They allowed their story to be completed in one chapter, and to come to a picturesque and effective end.

It will be recognized, however, that Torcello is a powerful exception to the extinction of all relics of the race. The traveller as he stands with something of the sad respect of pity mingling in his admiration of that great and noble cathedral, built for the use of a populous and powerful community, but now left to a few rough fishermen and pallid women, amid the low and marshy fields, takes little thought of him who reared its lofty walls, and combined new and old together in so marvel-

lous a conjunction. Even the greatest of all the modern adorers who have idealized old Venice, and sung litanies to some chosen figures among her sons, has not a word for Orso or his race. And no tradition remains to celebrate his name. But the story of this tender brother, the banished doge's defender, champion, substitute, and mourner—he who reigned for Otto, and for himself neither sought nor accepted anything—is worthy of the scene. Greatness has faded from the ancient commune as it faded from the family of their bishop, and Torcello, like the Orseoli, may seem to a fantastic eye to look, through all the round of endless days, wistfully yet with no grudge, across the level waste of the salt sea water to that great line of Venice against the western sky which has carried her life away. The church, with its marbles and forgotten inscriptions, its mournful great Madonna holding out her arms to all her children, its profound loneliness and sentinels through all the ages, acquires yet another not uncongenial association when we think of the noble and unfortunate race which here died out in the silence of the cloister, amid murmurs of solemn psalms and whispering amens from the winds and from the sea.

M. O. W. OLIPHANT.

From Good Words.
THIS MAN'S WIFE.
A STORY OF WOMAN'S FAITH.
BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BOOK III.—AFTER TWELVE YEARS.

CHAPTER X.

KINDLY ACTS.

TOM PORTER had a way of his own when he was puzzled as to his course, and that was to go to the door and keep a bright lookout, in other words, follow old Gemp's example, and stare up and down the street until he had attained a correct idea as to which way he had better steer.

He had been looking thoughtfully out for about an hour on this particular night before he came to the conclusion that he knew the right way. But once determined, he entered, and, closing the door softly, he stopped for a minute to pull himself together, rearranging his necktie, pulling down his vest, and carefully fastening the top and bottom buttons, which

had a rollicking habit of working themselves clear of their respective holes. His hair, too, required a little attention, being carefully smoothed with his fingers. This done, he moistened his hands, as if about to haul a rope, before going straight up to where his master was seated in front of the fire, which the cool spring night made comfortable, and as he sat there, gazing very thoughtfully in between the bars—

"Well, Tom, what is it?"

"Been a-thinking, Sir Gordon—hard."

"Well, what about?"

"'Bout you, Sir, Gordon. It's these here east winds getting into your bones again; and if I might be so bold—" "There, there, man, don't stand hampering and stammering like that! You want to say something. Say it."

"'Bout the east wind, Sir Gordon, and whether you wouldn't think it as well to take a trip."

"Yes, yes, man, I'm going on one—Mediterranean—in a few days," said the old man dreamily.

"Glad to hear it, Sir Gordon; but, if I might make so bold, why not make a longer trip?"

"Not safe—yacht not big enough, my man. There, that will do; I want to think."

"I mean aboard ship, Sir Gordon. Why shouldn't we go as far as Australia? We've seen a deal of the world, Sir Gordon, but we haven't been there."

Tom Porter's master gave him a peculiar look, and then nodded towards the door, when the man made a nautical bow, gave a very apologetic smile, and backed out.

"Went a bit too nigh the rocks that time. It warn't like me—but, why! what a man will do when there is a woman in the way!"

He had hardly settled himself in his pantry when the bell rang, and he went up, expecting a severe talking to.

"Means a wigging!" he said, as he went up slowly, to find Sir Gordon pacing the room.

Tom Porter did not know it, but his words had fallen just at that time when his master was pondering upon the possibility of such a trip, and, though he would not have owned to it, his man's words had turned the balance.

"Pack up at once," he said.

"Long cruise or short, Sir Gordon?"

"Long."

"Ay, ay, Sir Gordon. Special despatches, Sir Gordon?"

"No; longer cruise than usual, that's all."

"He's going! I'd bet ten hundred thousand pounds he's going!" said Tom Porter; "and I'm done for! She was a bit more easy last time we met; and I shall make a fool o' myself, I know I shall!"

He stood in the middle of his pantry, turning his right and left hands into a pestle and mortar, and grinding something invisible therein. Then after a long silence —

"It's fate, that's about what it is!" said Tom Porter; "and that's a current that you must go with."

After which philosophical declaration he began to pack, working well on into what he called the morning watch, and long after Sir Gordon had been comfortably asleep.

The next day Tom Porter had orders to go with his master to the Admiralty, where he waited for about a couple of hours; and two days later he was on his way to Plymouth with the sea-chests, as he termed them, perfectly happy, and with his shore togs, as he termed his livery, locked up in one of the presses in the chambers in St. James's.

His sailing orders were brief, and he put into port at the chief hotel to wait for his master, and he waited. Meantime there had been the painful partings between those who loved, and who, in spite of hopeful words, felt that in all human probability the parting was final.

Through the interest of Sir Gordon, a passage had been obtained for Mrs. Hallam and her daughter on board the Sea King, a fine ship, chartered by the government to take out a large detachment of troops, as well as several important officials, bound to the antipodes on the mission of trying to foster what promised to be one of our most important colonies.

"You will be more comfortable," Sir Gordon said. "There will be ladies on board, and I will get you some introductions to them, as well as to the governor at Port Jackson."

Mrs. Hallam gave Bayle a piteous look, as if asking him to intercede for her.

Bayle, however, seemed not to comprehend her look, and remained silent.

It was a painful task, but Millicent Hallam was accustomed to painful tasks, and, turning to Sir Gordon, she said in a quiet, resigned way, —

"You forget my position. I know how kindly all this is meant; but I must not

be going out on false pretences. My fellow-passengers should not be deceived as to who and what I am. I may seem ungrateful to you, Sir Gordon, but it would have been far better for me to have gone out in some common ship."

"My dear child," cried Sir Gordon, wringing his hands, "don't be unreasonable! Do you suppose the womenkind on board the Sea King are going to be so contemptible as to visit the sins of — My dear Bayle, you have more influence than I!" he cried hastily, "tell Mrs. Hallam everything is settled, and she must go, and — there, there, we've had knots and tangles enough; don't, pray, let us have any more!"

The old gentleman, who seemed terribly perplexed, turned away, but paused as he felt a little hand upon his arm.

"Don't speak angrily to mamma," whispered Julia; and the old man's countenance became wholly sunny again.

"No, no," he said; "but you two must leave matters to Mr. Bayle and me. We are acting for the best, my child. You cannot conceive what it would have been to let you go out as mamma proposed. It was madness!"

"It is for Julie's sake," Mrs. Hallam said to herself, when she consented to various little arrangements, though she shivered at the thought of being brought face to face with her fellow-passengers.

"Indeed, we are acting with all the foresight we can bring to bear," Bayle said in answer to another remonstrance made in the hurry and bustle of preparation.

"Yes," she replied; "but you are doing too much. You make me tremble for the consequence."

Bayle smiled, and bade her take comfort. He was present with her almost daily, to report little matters that he had arranged for her as to money and baggage. Since he had accompanied her and Julia back to town he had been indefatigable, working with the most cheery good-humor, and smiling as he reported the success of the furniture sale; how capably he had managed about the little investments of the wreck of Mrs. Hallam's money; and how he had obtained letters of credit for her at the Sydney bank.

Julia watched him day by day as he came with a curious, wistful look, that would at times be pitiful, at other times full of resentment; and one day she turned to the doctor — the old gentleman and Mrs. Luttrell having insisted upon

coming to town, and following their child to Portsmouth, where they were to embark.

"I believe, grandpa," she said half angrily, "that Mr. Bayle is tired of us, and that he is glad to get us off his hands."

"Nothing would ever tire Mr. Bayle, my dear," said Mrs. Luttrell reprovingly.

Julia turned to her quickly and put her arms round the old lady's neck, the tears in her eyes brimming over.

"No; it was very unkind and ungenerous of me," she said. "He has always been so good."

In the midst of what was almost a wild excitement of preparation, mingled with bits of despondency, Millicent Hallam noticed this too, and found time to feel hurt.

"He is such an old friend," she said to herself. "He has been like a brother; and it seems hard that he should appear to be less moved at our approaching fare-well than Mr. Thickens and his wife."

For, instigated by the latter, Thickens had come up and followed them to Portsmouth.

"It would have about killed her, Mrs. Hallam," he said in confidence, as he sat chatting with her aside in the hotel room on the eve of her sailing. "But now a bit of business. I've been trying ever since I came to get a few words with you alone, only Sir Gordon and Mr. Bayle were always in the way."

"Business, Mr. Thickens?"

"Yes, look here! I'm an actuary, you see, and money adviser, and that sort of thing. Now you are going out there on a long voyage, and you ought to be prepared for any little emergencies that may occur in a land that I find is not so barbarous as I thought, for I see they have a regular banking establishment there, and business regularly carried on in paper and bullion."

Mrs. Hallam looked at him wonderingly.

"Ah, I see you don't understand me, so to be short," he continued, "fact is I talked it over with madam, and we settled it between us."

"Settled what?" said Mrs. Hallam wonderingly.

"Well, the fact is, we've two hundred pounds fallen in. Been out on a good mortgage at five per cent., and just now I can't place it anywhere at more than four, and that won't do, you know, will it?"

"Of course it would not be so advantageous."

"No, to be sure not, so we thought

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we'd ask you to take it at five. Money's valuable out there. You could easily send us the dividend twice a year — ten pounds, you know, by credit note, and it would be useful to you, and doing your old friends a good turn. I hate to see money lying idle."

Mrs. Hallam glanced across the room to see that little Mrs. Thickens was watching them anxiously, and she felt the tears rise in her eyes as she darted a grateful look back, before turning to dry, drab-looking Thickens, who now and then put his hand up to his ear, as if expecting to find a pea there.

"It is very good and very generous of you," she said huskily, "and I can never be grateful enough for all this kindness. Believe me, I shall never forget it."

"That's right. I shall have it all arranged, so that you can draw at the Sydney Bank."

"No, no," cried Mrs. Hallam with energy, "it is impossible. Besides, I have a sufficiency for our wants, ample for the present — the remains of my little property. Mr. Bayle has managed it so well for me, my furniture brought in a nice little sum, and —"

"Your what?" said Thickens in a puzzled tone.

"My property. You remember what I had when —"

"When you were married? Why, my dear madam, you don't think any of that was left?"

"Mr. Thickens?"

"Ah, I see," he cried with a good-humored smile, for delicacy was not the forte of the bank clerk of the little country town. "Mr. Bayle patched up that story. Why, my dear madam, when the crash came you hadn't a halfpenny. Here, quick, my dear! Mrs. Hallam has turned faint!"

"No, it is nothing," she cried hastily. "I am better now, Mr. Thickens. Go back to our friends, Julie — to grandma. It is past."

"I—I'm afraid I've spoken too plainly," said Thickens apologetically, as soon as they were alone once more. "I wish I'd held my tongue."

"I am very glad that you spoke, Mr. Thickens," said Mrs. Hallam in a low voice. "It was better that I should know."

"Then you will let me lend you that money?" eagerly.

"No, it is impossible. I am deeper in obligations than I thought. Pray spare me by not saying more."

"I want to do everything you wish," said Thickens uneasily.

"Then say no word about what you have told me to any one."

"Pooh! Mrs. Hallam, as if I should. Money matters are always sacred with me. That comes of Mr. Bayle banking in town. If he had trusted me with his money matters I should never have spoken like this."

CHAPTER XI.

MILICENT HALLAM LEARNS A LITTLE MORE OF THE TRUTH.

IT was a painful evening that last. Every one was assuming to be light-hearted, and talking of the voyage as being pleasant, and hinting delicately at the possibility of seeing mother and daughter soon again, but all the while feeling that the farewells must in all probability be final.

Mr. and Mrs. Thickens retired early, for the latter whispered to her husband that she could bear it no longer.

"I feel, dear, as if it were a funeral, and we were being kept all this while standing by the open grave!"

"Hush!" whispered back Thickens; "it's like prophesying evil." And they hurriedly took leave.

Then Sir Gordon rose, saying that it was very late, and he too went, leaving mother and daughter exchanging glances, for the old man seemed cool and unruffled in an extraordinary degree.

Bayle remained a little longer, talking to Dr. and Mrs. Luttrell, whose favorite attitudes all the evening had been seated on either side of Julia, each holding a hand.

"Good-night," said Bayle at last, rising and shaking hands with Julia in a cheery, pleasant manner. "No sitting up. Take my advice and have a good rest, so as to be prepared for the sea demon. Eleven punctually, you know, to-morrow. Everything ready?"

"Yes, everything is ready," replied Julia, looking at him with her eyes flashing and a feeling of anger at his cavalier manner forcing its way to the surface. It seemed so cruel. Just at a time like that, when a few tender words of sympathy would have been like balm to the wounded spirit, he was as cool and indifferent as could be. She was right, she told herself. He really was tired of them.

Bayle evidently read her ingenuous young countenance and smiled, with the result that she darted an indignant glance at him, and then could not keep back her tears.

"Oh, no, no, no," he said, taking her hand and holding it, speaking the while as if she were a child. "Tears, tears? Oh, nonsense! Why these are not the days of Christopher Columbus. You are not going to sail away upon an unknown sea. It is a mere yachting trip, and every step of the way is known. Come, come, cheer up. That's nautical, you know, Julie. Good-night, my dear! good-night."

He shook hands far more warmly and affectionately with the doctor and Mrs. Luttrell, hesitating for a moment or two, and even taking poor weeping Mrs. Luttrell in his arms, and kissing her tenderly again and again.

"Good-night, good-night, my dear old friend," he said. "You have been almost more than a mother to me. Good-night, good-night."

The old lady sobbed upon his shoulder for some time, the doctor holding Bayle's other hand, while Julia crossed to her mother, who was standing cold and statuesque near the door, and hid her face.

"Good-night and good-bye, my dear boy," said Mrs. Luttrell, as she raised her head, and looked up in his face. "And you always have seemed as if you were our son."

Bayle's lip quivered, and his face was for a moment convulsed, but he was calm again in a moment.

"To be sure, doctor," he said. "I shall come down and see you again some day. I want some gardening for a change. Good-night, good —"

His last word was inaudible, as he hurried towards the door, where Mrs. Hallam was awaiting him.

"Go back to your grandmother, Julie," she said in a low, stern voice. "Christie Bayle, I wish to speak to you."

"To me? To-night?" he said hastily. "No; to-morrow. I am not myself now, and you need rest."

"No," she said in the same deep voice; "to-night," and she led the way into an inner room.

Julia made as if to follow, but stopped short, and stood watching till her mother and their old friend disappeared.

The room was lit only by the light that streamed in from the street lamp and a shop near the hotel, so that the faces of Milicent Hallam and Bayle were half in shadow as they stood opposite to each other.

Bayle was silent, for he had seen that Mrs. Hallam was deeply moved. He had studied her face too many years not to be able to read its various changes; and now,

on the eve of her departure, he knew that in spite of the apparent calmness of the surface a terrible storm of grief must be raging beneath, and feeling that perhaps she wished to say a few words of thanks to him, and, while asking some attention towards the old people, she was about to take this opportunity to bid him farewell, he stood there in silence waiting for her to speak.

Twice over she essayed but the words would not come. It was as if misery, indignation, and humiliation were contending in her breast, and each mood was uppermost when she opened her lips. How could she have been so unworldly—so blind all these years, as not to have seen that Christie Bayle had been impoverishing himself that she and her child might live in comfort?

As she thought this, she was moved to humility, and admiration of the gentleman who had hidden all this from them, always behaving with the greatest delicacy, and carefully hiding the part he had taken in her life.

"And I thought myself so experienced—so well taught by adversity," she said to herself.

"Did you wish to ask me something, Mrs. Hallam?" said Bayle, at last. "Is it some commission you wish me to undertake?"

"Stop a moment," she said hoarsely. Then, as if by a tremendous effort over herself, she tried to steady her voice, and to speak indignantly, as she exclaimed,—

"Christie Bayle, why have you humiliated me like this?"

He started, for he had not the remotest idea that she had learnt his secret.

"Humiliated you?" he said. "Oh, no, I could not have done that."

"I have trusted you so well—looked upon you as a brother, and now at the eleventh hour of my home life, I find that you—even you—have not deserved my trust."

"Indeed!" he said, smiling. "What have I done?"

"What have you done?" she cried indignantly, her emotion begetting a kind of unreason and making her bitter in her words. "What have I done in my misery and misfortune that you should take advantage of my position? That man tonight has told me all."

"I hardly understand you," he said gravely.

"Not understand? He has told me that when that terrible trouble came upon me, it did not come singly, and that I was

left penniless to battle with the world. Is this true?"

Bayle refrained for a few moments before answering.

"Is this wise?" he said at last. "For your own sake—for the sake of Julie, you have need of all your fortitude to bear up against a painful series of farewells. Why trouble about this trifle now?"

"Trifle," she cried angrily—"stop! Let me think."

She stood with her hand pressed to her forehead, as if struggling to drag something from the past—from out of the mist and turmoil of those terrible days and nights, when her brain seemed to have been on fire, and she lay almost at the point of death.

"Yes," she cried, as if a flame had suddenly illumined her brain, "I see now. I know. Tell me; is what that man said true?"

He was slow to answer, but at last the words came, uttered sadly, and in a low voice,—

"If he told you that at that terrible time you were left in distress, it is true."

"I knew it," she said, passionately. "Now tell me this—I will know. When my poor husband lay there helpless—in prison—yes, it all comes back clearly now—my illness seems to have covered it all as with a mist, but I remember that there was powerful counsel engaged for his defence, and great efforts were made to save him. Who did this? I have kept it all hidden away, not daring to drag these matters out into the light of the present, but I must know now. Who did this?"

He did not answer.

"Your silence convicts you," she said, angrily. "It was you."

"Yes," he said quietly, "it was I."

"Then we were left penniless, and it is to you we owe everything—for all these years?"

Again he was silent.

"Answer me," she cried imperiously.

"Did I not acknowledge it before?" he said calmly. "Mrs. Hallam, have I committed so grave a social crime, that you speak to me like this?"

"It was cruel—to me—to my child," she cried indignantly. "You have kept us in a false position all these years. Man, can you not understand the degradation and shame I felt when I was enlightened here only an hour ago?"

He stood there silent again for a few moments, before speaking; and then took her hand.

"If I have done wrong," he said, "forget me. When that blow fell, and your position, all the past seemed to come back —that day when in my boyish vanity I —"

"Ah! hush!" she cried.

"Nay, let me speak," he said calmly. "I recalled that day when you bade me be friend and brother to you, and life seemed to be one blank despair. I remembered how I prayed for strength, and how that strength came, how I vowed that I would be friend and brother to you and yours; and when the time of tribulation came was my act so unbrotherly in your distress?"

She was silent.

"Millicent Hallam, do you think that I have not loved your child as tenderly as if she had been my own? Fate gave me money. Well, men as a rule spend their money in the way that affords them the most pleasure. I am only a weak man, and I have done the same."

"You have kept yourself poor that we might live in idleness."

"You are wrong," he said with a quiet laugh. "I was never richer than during these peaceful years — that have now come to an end," he added sorrowfully; "and you would make me poor once more. There," he continued, speaking quickly, "I confess all. Forgive me. I could not see you in want."

"I should not have been in want," she said proudly. "If I had known that it was necessary I should have worked, the toil would have come easily to my hands. I should have toiled on for my child's sake and waited patiently until my husband bade me come."

"But you forgive me?" he said, in his old tone.

For answer, she sank upon the floor at his feet, covering her face with her hands; and he heard her sobbing.

"Good-night," he said at last. "I will send Julie."

He bent down and laid his fingers softly upon her head for a moment, and was turning to go, but she caught at his hand and held it.

"A moment," she cried; "best and truest friend. Forgive me, and mine — when we are divided, as we shall be — for life, try — pray for me — pray for him — and believe in him — as you do in me — my husband, Christie Bayle — my poor martyred husband."

"And I am forgiven?" he said.

"Forgiven?"

She said no more, and he passed quietly into the room where Julia was anxiously waiting his return.

"Doctor — Mrs. Luttrell," he said, "you must try and calm her, or she will not be able to undertake this journey. Julia, my child, try what you can do. Good-night. Good-night."

As the door closed after him, Mrs. Hallam walked back into the room looking calm and stern; but her face softened as Julia clung to her and then seated herself at her mother's feet, the next hours passing so peacefully that it was impossible to believe that the time for parting was so near.

CHAPTER XII.

OVER THE SEA.

"Is — is it true, mother?" said Julia, as the town with its docks and shipping seemed to be growing less and less, while the Isle of Wight, and the land on their right looked dim and clouded over. The sun still shone, but it seemed to be watery and cold; there was a chill upon the sea, and though there was a great deal of hurrying to and fro among the sailors and soldiers as the cumbered decks were being cleared, it was to Mrs. Hallam and her child as if a dead silence had fallen, and the noises of the ship and creaking of block and spar were heard from a distance off.

Thisbe was seated near where they two stood by the bulwark gazing towards the shore. Thisbe felt no desire to watch the retiring land, for her heart was very low and she found rest and solace in shedding one salt tear now and then, and wiping it away with her glove.

Unfortunately, Thisbe's glove was black, and the dye in her glove not being fast, the effect was strange.

"I'm afraid to cry," she said to herself; "but he might have had as good manners as his master, and said good-bye."

Thisbe must have been deeply moved, or she would not have sat there upon a little box that she would not let out of her hands, probably on account of its insecurity, for it was tied up with two different kinds of string.

"It seems to me," continued Julia, "as if it were all some terrible dream."

"But one that is to have a happy waking, Julie."

"Poor grandma! it seemed as if it would kill her," said Julia, sobbing gently.

"Hush!" cried Mrs. Hallam, grasping her child's arm, as a spasm of pain ran through her, and her face grew deadly pale. "We must think of one who, in pain and suffering, was dragged from his

wife and child; forced to suffer the most terrible degradations. He is waiting for us, Julie, waiting as he has waited all these years. We must turn our backs upon these troubles, and think only of him. Be firm, my child, be firm."

There was almost a savage emphasis in Mrs. Hallam's words as she spoke.

"I'll try, dear, but grandpa!" sobbed Julie, as she laid her arm upon the bulwark, and her face upon it that she might weep unseen. "Will we never see him and the pleasant old garden again?"

"Julie, this is childish," whispered Mrs. Hallam. "Remember you are a woman now."

"I do," cried the girl quickly; "but a woman must feel grief at parting from those she loves."

"Yes, but it must not overbear all, my child. Come, we must not give way, now. Let us go below to our cabin."

"No," said Julia, "I must watch the shore till it is dark. Not yet, not yet. Mother, I thought Sir Gordon liked us — was a very, very great friend."

"He is. He always has been."

"But he parted from us as if it was only for a day or two. He did not seem troubled in the least."

Mrs. Hallam was silent.

"And Mr. Bayle, mother, he quite checked me. I was so grieved, and felt in such despair at parting from him, till he stood holding my hands. I wanted to throw my arms round his neck and let him hold me to his breast as he used years ago; but when I looked up in his face, he seemed so calm and cheerful, and he just smiled down at me, and it made me angry. Mamma, dear, men have no feeling at all."

"I think Mr. Bayle feels our going deeply," replied Mrs. Hallam quietly.

"He did not seem to," said Julia pettishly.

"A man cannot show his sorrow as a woman may, my child," said Mrs. Hallam with a sigh.

She gazed back at the land that seemed to be growing more dim, minute by minute, as the great ship careened over to the press of sail, and sped on down Channel.

A wistful look came into Mrs. Hallam's eyes as she thought of her child's words. In spite of resolutions and promises, the parting from the old people had been most painful; but throughout all, there had seemed to her to be a curious indifference to her going, on the part of Bayle. He had been incessant in his attentions; a hundred little acts had been performed

that were likely to make their stay on shipboard more pleasant; but there was a something wanting — a something she had felt deeply, and the pain became the more acute, since she found that her feelings were shared by Julia.

They stood gazing at the grey and distant land when the evening was falling. They were faint for want of food; but they knew it not, for the faintness was mingled with the sickness of the heart, and in spite of the glowing happy future Mrs. Hallam tried to paint, a strange sense of desolation and despair seemed to overmaster her, and all her fortitude was needed to save her from bursting into a violent fit of sobbing.

On and on with the water rushing beneath them, as they leaned upon the bulwarks, gazing still at the fast receding shore. There had been a great deal of bustle going on around them; but so wrapt were they in their own feelings that sailors and passengers, officers and men, passed and repassed unheeded. They were in a little world of their own, blind to all beside, so that it was with quite a start that Mrs. Hallam heard, for the second time, a voice say,—

"Surely, ladies, you must be cold. Will you allow me to fetch shawls from the cabin?"

The first time these words were spoken, neither Mrs. Hallam nor Julia moved; but on their being repeated, they turned quickly round, to find that Thisbe had gone below, and that where she had been seated upon her box, an officer in undress uniform was standing, cap in hand.

"I thank you, no," said Mrs. Hallam coldly, as she returned the bow. "Julie, it is time we went below."

The officer drew back as mother and daughter swept slowly by, towards the cabin stairs, and remained motionless even after they had disappeared.

He was roused from his waking dream by a hearty clap on the shoulders.

"What's the matter, Phil?" said a bluff voice, and a heavy-featured officer of about forty looked at him in a half-amused manner.

"Matter? Matter? Nothing; nothing at all."

"Bah! don't tell me. The old game, Phil. Isn't she nice-looking?"

"Beautiful," cried the young officer excitedly.

"Ah! that's how I used to speak of Mrs. Captain Otway," said the heavy-looking officer cynically; "but, my dear Phil, with all due respect to the sharer of

my joys and the sorrows of going out to this horrible hole, Mrs. Captain Otway does not look beautiful now."

"Otway, you are a brute to that woman. She is a thoroughly true-hearted lady, and too good for you."

"Much, Phil, much too good. Poor woman, it was hard upon her, with all her love of luxury and refinement, that she should be forced by fate to marry the poor captain of a marching regiment."

"Sent out to guard convicts in a penal settlement, eh?"

"Yes, to be sure. Oh! dear me, I shall be heartily glad when we are settled down and have had a week at sea."

"Oh! I don't know. I think time passes quite quickly enough. I say, Otway, do you think if you asked her, Mrs. Otway would lend a helping hand to those two ladies? They seem very strange and desolate on board here."

"My wife? Impossible, Phil; she is in her berth already, declaring that she is seasick when all the time it is fancy."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know? Because she never is; it is so as to get out of the misery and confusion of the first day. Look here, Phil, I'm always glad to help you though. Shall I do?"

"You do? What for?"

"To go down and try and set your last enslavers at their ease."

"Don't be idiotic."

"Nice way for a subaltern to speak to his commanding officer, sir."

"I was not speaking to my commanding officer, but to my old companion, Jack Otway."

"Oh! I see. I say, Phil, which of the fair ones is it — Juno or Hebe?"

"Don't talk nonsense."

"All right. Who are they?"

"I can't find out yet. The captain gave me their names, that's all. Hist! here is their maid."

Just then Thisbe, who had been below, creeping off quietly to make things a bit comfortable, as she called it, came on deck, having missed Mrs. Hallam and Julia, expecting to find them where she had left them, leaning over the bulwarks; and full of haste, as she had found that there was at last something like a comfortable meal spread in the principal cabin.

"It's very muddly," she muttered to herself, "and I'd give something for a snug little room where I could make them a comfortable cup of tea. And this is being at sea, is it? — sea that Tom Porter says is so lovely. Poor wretch!"

Thisbe impatiently dashed a tear from her eyes, the reason for whose coming she would not own; and then she stopped short, wondering at the presence of a couple of officers where she had left Mrs. Hallam and Julia, for from some reason best known to himself, Philip Eaton, of his Majesty's —th Foot, was resting his arms where Julia had rested hers, and Captain Otway, in command of the draft on its way out to Port Jackson, had involuntarily taken Mrs. Hallam's place.

"Are you looking for your ladies?" said Eaton.

"Yes. What have you done with — I mean where are they?"

"One moment," said the lieutenant in a confidential manner, as he slipped his hand into his pocket, "just tell me —"

He stopped astonished, for as she saw the motion of the young man's hand, and heard his insinuating words, Thisbe gave vent to a sound best expressed by the word "Wuff!" but which sounded exceedingly like the bark of some pet dog, as she whisked herself round and searched the deck before once more going below.

"Another of them," she muttered between her teeth. "Handsome as handsome, and ready to lay traps for my darling. But I'm not going to have her made miserable. I'm a woman now; I was a weak, watery, girlish thing then. I'm not going to have her life made a wreck."

Thisbe went below, little thinking that it would be a week before she again came on deck.

The weather turned bad that night, and the customary miseries ensued. It was so bad that the captain was glad that he had to run into Plymouth; but no sooner was he there than the weather abated, tempting him forth again to encounter a terrible gale off the Lizard, and more or less bad weather till they were well across the Bay of Biscay, and running down the west coast of Spain, when the weather changed all at once. The sky cleared, the sun came out warm and bright, the sea went down, and one by one the wretched passengers stole on deck.

Among them, pale and depressed by the long confinement in the cabins, Mrs. Hallam and Julia were ready to hurry on deck to breathe the sweet, pure air.

"And is that distant shore Spain?" said Julia wonderingly, as she gazed at the faint grey line at which every eye and glass were being directed.

"Yes, Julie," said Mrs. Hallam more cheerfully, "sunny Spain."

"And it seems just now that we were

gazing at dear old England," said Julia with a sigh.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hallam, grasping her hand with feverish energy, "but now we are so many hundred miles nearer to him who is waiting our coming, Julie. Let us count the miles as he is counting the minutes before he can take his darling to his heart. Julie, my child, we must put the past behind us; it is the future for which we must live."

"Forget the past?" said Julia mournfully. "It was such a happy time."

"For you, Julie, but for me one long, agonizing time of waiting."

"Dearest mother," whispered Julia, pressing her hand and speaking quickly, "I know—I know, and I will try so hard not to be selfish."

They had turned to the bulwarks the moment they came on deck, and, without casting a look round, had glanced at the distant coast and then mentally plunged their eyes into the cloud ahead, beyond which stood Robert Hallam awaiting their coming.

"I had the pleasure of speaking to you before the storm, ladies," said a voice, and as they turned quickly, it was to find Lieutenant Eaton, cap in hand, smiling and slightly flushed.

Mrs. Hallam bowed.

"I sincerely trust that you have quite recovered," continued the young officer, directing an admiring gaze at Julia.

"Quite, I thank you," said Mrs. Hallam coldly.

"Then we shall see you at the table, Mrs. Hallam—and Miss Hallam?" he continued, with another bow.

Julia returned the bow, looking flushed and rather indignant.

"I hope you will excuse me," continued Eaton; "on shipboard you see we are like one family, all as it were in the same house."

Mrs. Hallam bowed again, flushing as ingenuously as her daughter, for these advances troubled her greatly. She would have preferred being alone, and in a more humble portion of the vessel, but Sir Gordon and Bayle had insisted upon her occupying one of the best cabins, and it seemed to her that she was there under false pretences, and that it was only a question of days before there must come discovery which would put them to open shame.

Driven as it were to bay by the young officer's words, she replied hastily, "You must excuse me now; I have scarcely recovered."

"Pray forgive me," cried Eaton, giving Julia a look full of intelligence which made her shrink, "I ought to have known better. In a short time, I hope, Mrs. Hallam, that we shall be better acquainted."

He raised his cap again and drew back, while, excited and agitated beyond her wont, Mrs. Hallam exclaimed,—

"It cannot be, Julie. We must keep ourselves aloof from these people—from all the passengers; our course is alone—till we join him."

"Yes," said Julia in a troubled way, "we must be alone."

"These people who make advances to us now," continued Mrs. Hallam, "would master the object of our journey before we had gone far, and then we should be the pariahs of the ship."

"Would they be so unjust, mother?" sighed Julia.

"Yes, for they do not know the truth. If they were told all they would not believe it. My, child, it was so that the world should never turn upon us and revile us for our misfortune that I have insisted all these years on living so reserved a life. And now we must go on in the same manner. If we allow ourselves to be drawn into friendly relations with these people, our story will ooze out, and we shall have to endure the insult and misery of seeing them turn their backs upon us. Better that we should ostracize ourselves than suffer it at other hands; the blow will be less keen."

"I am ready to do all you wish, dear," said Julia, stealing her hand to her mother's.

"My beloved," whispered back Mrs. Hallam, "it is our fate. We must bear all this, but our reward will be the more joyful, Julie; it is for your father's sake. Think of it, my child; there is no holier name under heaven to a child than that of father."

There was a pause, and then Julia, in a low, sweet voice, whispered, "And that of mother."

The two women stood there alone, seeming to gaze across the bright sea at the distant land. Passengers and sailors passed them, and the officers of the ship hesitated as they drew near about speaking, ending by respecting the reverie in which they seemed to be wrapt, and passing on. But Millicent and Julia Hallam saw neither sea, shore, nor the distant land; before each the face of Robert Hallam, as they had known it last, rose out of, as it were, a mist. And as they gazed

into the future, the countenance of Julia seemed full of timid wonder, half shrinking, while that of Millicent grew more and more calm, as her eyes filled with a sweet subdued light, full of yearning to meet once more him who was waiting all those thousand miles away.

So intent were they upon their thoughts of the coming encounter, that neither of them noticed the quiet step that approached, and then stopped close at hand.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hallam aloud, "we must accept our position, my child; better that we should be alone."

"Not quite."

Julia started round with a cry of joy, and placed her hands in those of the speaker.

"Mr. Bayle?" she cried excitedly; "what a surprise!"

"You here?" said Mrs. Hallam hoarsely.

"Yes," was the reply, given in the calmest, most matter-of-fact half-laughing way, and as if it were merely a question of crossing a county at home. "Why, you two poor unprotected women, you did not think I meant to let you take this long voyage alone!"

Mrs. Hallam drew a long breath and turned pale. She essayed to speak, but no words would come, and at last with a spasm seeming to contract her brow, she turned to gaze appealingly at her child.

"But you are going back?" said Julia, and she, too, seemed deeply moved.

He shook his head, and smiled.

"How good — how noble!" she began.

"Ah! tut! tut! little pupil; what nonsense!" cried Bayle merrily. "Why, here is Sir Gordon, who has done precisely the same thing." And the old baronet came slowly up, raising his straw hat just as Thisbe came hurriedly on deck to announce the discovery she had made, and found that she was too late.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
TOURING IN IRELAND.

WE must own that the title of "Touring in Ireland" is a misnomer, for in honest truth there is no such thing. Touring, as distinguished from travelling, I take to be the general survey of the beauties and objects of interest in a country, carried on more rapidly or more leisurely, but with a certain comfort or luxury. You find quarters in decent hotels, and count upon commodious conveyances — unless, indeed, you should strike into the

mountains, when you must either ride or go afoot. Whereas in Ireland, the visits of "the foreigners" are confined to a couple of popular districts. Starting from Dublin, they either take circular tickets for the wilds of Connemara, Killarney, and Glengariff — the majority confining themselves to Glengariff and Killarney — or they make a dash northwards to the Giant's Causeway, giving a glance at the ruins of Dunluce, with the giddy arch that spans its sea-chasm. The chief patron of these places is the flying American, who is dropped by the transatlantic packets at Queenstown, on his way to "rush" the round of Europe by express. The rest of the island is virtually neglected; and except for some earnest angler, with his bundle of rods and his waterproofs, the stranger birds of passage are few and far between. So that English people know little or nothing of all that is wildest, grandest, and most remarkable. Nor, considering the conditions of Irish travelling, are they altogether to be blamed. They miss the magnificent precipices and the storm-beaten headlands of north Donegal and of Clare, but they miss also an excessive amount of car-jolting. They see nothing of the ivy covered rocks and rich woodlands of the Blackwater, and many another sweet southern stream. But they escape at the same time the small village inn, with rooms that are stuffy in spite of ill-fitting windows; with a *cuisine* that is always primitive and often semi-barbarous, and with a "cellar" bestowed on some shelves in the bar, the contents of the brilliantly labelled bottles being too often nauseous or deleterious. Nor is being taken in, even on these terms, always a matter of certainty. You may drive for thirty or forty miles through cheerless wastes, to find the solitary guest-house overcrowded with sportsmen, when you have to choose between bivouacking in the passage for the night, with a portmanteau for pillow and an ulster by way of bedding, or continuing your course in the darkness, on the probability of faring even worse. No; there is no denying that in point of hotel accommodation Switzerland and the Rhine are in advance of the Green Isle. And then there is the Irish climate to be reckoned with. We have known it rain pretty persistently between Bonn and Bingen, and we have been kept a close prisoner in a Swiss mountain inn, till we elected deliberately to go forward and be drenched, without the thought of having a glimpse at ice-peaks or glacier. But in the heaviest Con-

tinental downpour, hope is never absolutely drowned, and you contrive to keep up some heart against the doubtful chances of the morrow. On the other hand, there is something intensely depressing in the sullen persistency of west-Irish rain. Not that there is not sufficient variety in it, and the monotonous refrain of the penetrating drizzle may be broken by a rainstorm driven up before the Atlantic gusts, or by the sudden descent of a waterspout that sends the stones and the gravel flying up in your face. But the Irish rain is apt to send you from depression to despair, through a tantalizing course of expectation and disappointments. The heavens have a most malicious trick of lightening behind the lowering clouds; then, just as you are looking upwards for the cheery blaze of sunshine, they darken again and descend in bucketfuls more viciously than before. Morning after morning does the boots come in to make his melancholy report before drawing the curtains; and everything is pervaded by the reeking wet, from the bolster beneath your head to the damp morning paper on the breakfast-table.

In these sentences, and in a desire to be perfectly candid, we have sketched the worst that can be said of the disagreeables of an Irish trip. On the other side, even that much-maligned climate, which deserves a full half of all the abuse that is heaped on it, has a strange fascination of its own. When things are apparently at their worst, there comes a startling change for the better—all the more delightfully exhilarating because so entirely unexpected. You have settled sullenly down to packing your traps, determined—metaphorically—to shake the dust of Erin off your boots, for the dust has been sticky mud for many days past. Though it ought to be bright noonday, the atmosphere is so dense and so gloomy, that it is only by the touch you can make sure as to whether you are handling starched linen or a pair of gaiters. When suddenly, as if a brilliant electric light had been turned on, the sunshine is flooding the whole of the chamber, searching out each dusty cranny and corner. It flashes reflections from the very blades of your toilet scissors, and you fancy your clothes are beginning to steam. You make a stride to the window, and take a survey of the street. Though the sun has only been shining for a few seconds, there is no optical delusion as to the steaming there. Already the reeking pavements show signs of drying; and the beggars

and the loafers, emerging from places of shelter, are shaking their damp draperies and beginning to brighten up. The indications on their careworn faces are more reassuring than those from any weather-glass. You countermand the car that was to carry you to the railway station, or change its direction for a long drive through glorious scenery. And never can that glorious scenery have been more enjoyable. It is not only that your reviving spirits are bubbling over, like the champagne from a bottle that has burst wire and string. But Nature never showed in a more glowing blaze of beauty than when emerging all dripping from her bath. The billowy mists that are being drawn up from the hollows and the valleys, are tinted with the prismatic colors of the rainbow; the cliffs hanging over them, with the heathery hills in the distance, are standing out in the sharpest relief, through an atmosphere of unimaginable transparency. The sea, if there should be a sea skirting the landscape, is gleaming in gold or burning in crimson, according to the slope of the sun-shafts. While the fleecy clouds that have broken up in many a fantastic form over the dazzling blue of the heavens, show such brilliant intensity of whiteness as the eye seldom revels in elsewhere. So if west Ireland, through long-enduring rains, is like purgatory or the other place, when its rains have been followed by the sunshine it is nearly the perfection of an earthly paradise.

The moral of which is, that the prudent traveller should go well provided with waterproofs and warm ulsters; that he should take patience, pluck, and perseverance for his watchwords; while he should be prepared to accept inevitable inconveniences and minor hardships as a not altogether unpleasant form of adventure. Above all, he should affect unruffled equanimity, if he is not fortunate enough to possess it; and when he is most strongly tempted to swear, he must crush down that sinful inclination. In which case, the triumph of virtue or of hypocrisy will be promptly and amply rewarded; and he will be convinced that the immortal Bacon was right when he pronounced travel an important part of education. For although Paddy, like his own pigs, is bad to drive, yet, if you only take him the right way, nothing in the world is more easy than "to put the comether over him," especially if you keep scattering your shillings broadcast. Never hurry him at first, and he will get into a scuffling

gallop of his own accord. He is naturally brisk, but he hates being hustled. Patriotically and on public grounds, he may regard the Saxon as an enemy; but personally, he respects him as the distributor of tips. Though he has been a serf for centuries, as he is being told from ten thousand platforms, he shows himself the more independent on that account, and he resents any display of authority that cannot be legally enforced. You draw up at the door of an inn, and the people in charge present themselves very leisurely. The waitress may be civil, but she is cool or supercilious; the chambermaid, who seldom receives or expects *doucours*, is naturally and profoundly indifferent; as for the boots, who lounges carelessly towards the luggage, he keenly observes you, and he bides his time. The landlord is never visible — for rare exceptions only prove the rule. Nor, irritating as those delays and that chilling reception may be when you are tired or wet or hungry, can there be any worse policy than being clamorous with the voice or the bell. Your wisdom, as you learn by experience, is kindly and smooth-spoken reserve. In time, the boots will bring up the baggage: when, as he is deliberately undoing straps and buckles, you exchange certain words and signs of freemasonry. You have rubbed nobody up the the wrong way, and he suspects there is money to be made by you. Though to do him justice, and though the Irishman is mercenary as well as prodigal, that latter consideration soon becomes a secondary one. He receives you into his friendship and takes you under his invaluable protection. Having gone unbidden to fetch a towel and warm water, he steps parenthetically into the back regions and gives the "mistress" or the waitress "the hard word." He vouches for the Englishman being of the right sort, and thenceforth the slender resources of the house are at your disposal. The good folks will do their best about the dinner, though the dinner may be eggs and bacon. They will do their best to indulge you in such ludicrous whims as a bath, or even a cup of tea in the early morning; and will not only listen to any suggestions as to the *menus* of the meals, but will try to act upon them. And having done their utmost to make you feel at home and comfortable, to do them justice they will look on at the departure of the guest with the most absolute and well-bred equanimity.

For the great charm of an Irish tour to the intelligent Englishman is that he is not

only in an unknown country, but among an unfamiliar and most puzzling people. Their ways and manners are strange to him in every sense. There is a perpetual freshness in the every-day experiences that surprise him at every turn; there is lively excitement that may always be reckoned upon in a succession of sensations and startling contrasts. The several classes in a district will resemble each other, but they may be different as possible from their neighbors in the next county; while ordinary individuals of the lower orders are the most inscrutable of social problems, and the oddest combination of the most contradictory qualities. Shrewd and simple-minded; quick-witted and short-sighted; warm-hearted, admirable in the domestic relations, and capable of cold-blooded atrocities; grasping and generous; courageous, and cautious to the verge of cowardice, — they are invariably the creatures of circumstances and their surroundings, as they are the unfortunate victims of professional agitators trading on the memories of immemorial misrule. Transport the Irishman to America or the Australian antipodes, and he becomes another man altogether. Isolate him, when it is practicable to isolate him, from seditious influences; let him sit on tolerable soil, at a reasonable rent, under a kindly and liberal landlord, and a firm and sensible agent, — and he submits willingly enough to the rules which he has the sense to perceive are beneficial. He appreciates the comfort of warm clothes and a sufficiency of satisfying food. Though he seldom cares to spend money on his dwelling or on appearances, he gloats over the savings invested in his thatch, or deposited at small interest with the neighboring banking establishment. With cash to spend on merry-makings, "if it were plazing to him," or in portioning his children, he would become a steady-going conservative, were he only left alone. Whereas, if he be struggling on some poverty-stricken croft like a slate quarry, in the constant effort to keep body and soul together — eking out the "rent" by ill-paid and precarious labor, or by his harvesting expectations beyond the Channel in the autumn, — he becomes reckless, and ready to be the instrument of outrages. Perhaps, in charity, we may almost add "small blame to him," when we remember his belief in his grievances, and that those outrages are tolerably well paid. But I do not mean to be seduced into political disquisitions; and all I aver is, that the trav-

elling student of Irish character is sure to come back knowing nearly as little as when he started; so that his curiosity must be kept on the *qui vive* from the beginning to the end of the trip.

Probably, and previously to his start, he has gone in for a course of preliminary reading. I by no means assume, as a matter of course, that he has got himself up in the Parliamentary blue-books, or even has his Froude or the popular histories at his finger-ends. But I do take it for granted that he knows his Lever and his Carleton; his Lover, his Maxwell, and the melodies of Tom Moore. His fancy may have figured to him a sorrow-stricken country, keeping up something of its high spirits in spite of hard times, and with a softened pathos in the expression of its woes which will touch the heart of the sympathetic stranger; in the mysterious intertwining of the chords of the impressionable national nature, smiles will mingle with sobs, while fun and frolic will lighten sorrows; the stranger will be landed among ragged but light-hearted vagabonds, who find flashes of fugitive brightness in glasses of poteen, and laugh away the troubles and the shadows of the hour. In point of fact, he sees nothing of the kind. Irish drollery, as a national characteristic, seems to be altogether a thing of the past. Dublin itself must be sadly changed from the gay days of Lever's heroes, when the O'Malleys played high jinks with the Webbers of Trinity, and the Jack Hintons, in the epaulets and gold lace of the staff, helped to keep the ball of the viceregal festivities rolling. The Bagenaal Daly of this present year of grace, in place of being followed by admiring troops of rags-muffins, would be mobbed and hooted as the representative of a prodigal and tyrannical caste. Indeed, Dublin must have very considerably altered since Thackeray penned his "Sketch-book." Who can ever forget Lever's description of scenes at the landing from the English packet, when comical car-drivers tossed up for the fare, and the "gentleman" who won the toss drove away with his prize in triumph? while Thackeray expressed his disappointment at the indifference with which he was received on the car-stand. He had almost to prevail upon a driver to give him a lift. Now your reception is betwixt and between the two. The competition for you is keen, but conscientiously business-like. The drivers are flourishing their whips engagingly from their perches on the cars, and you

make your selection amid a subdued interchange of strong language. Nowhere perhaps, on the face of the globe, are the public vehicles more startlingly disreputable. The broken-kneed screw between the shafts looks as ragged as the thin and weather-soaked cushions; there may once have been springs, but they have collapsed with hard service; the blossom-nosed driver, unlike many of his compeers in the western country districts, can certainly never have subscribed the temperance pledge; and the novice clutches on to the rail in apprehension, as he is swung violently round sharp corners over the kerbs and the rough paving-stones. Yet he tries to keep eyes and thoughts in exercise, for he is being rattled over classical ground. There is Upper Merrion Street; there is the once aristocratic Merrion Square; and now he is being jolted across Stephen's Green, with the picturesque view of the Wicklow and Kildare hills at no great distance. What memories are awakened of the wit, wisdom, and wild festivity of which we have heard so much; of long dinners and late suppers with the most brilliant spirits of the day; of heavy play among grave statesmen and peers, when long-descended estates would change hands in a night, and bright prospects were hopelessly mortgaged! It was there that the Droghedas and the Knights of Gwynne had their hospitable town mansions; it was there that wealthy *parvenus* like the Roneys and the Kenyfecks, keeping open house, fought, with their French cooks and their floods of champagne, for admission to the enchanted circle of a tawdry viceregal court. Those very doors and grim area railings were beset by crushes of carriages, by troops of shouting link-boys with flaming torches; and many a gay squire or subaltern walked down those worn steps, having made arrangements for a mortal meeting in the Phoenix in the morning. How sadly altered it all is now! The best mansions of the "great owl nobility" and of the spendthrift gentry have passed into the hands of hotel-keepers, clubs, and prosperous lawyers. The rest of them have fallen down to doctors and dentists, or are advertised to let or sell, by fly-spotted tickets in the dusty windows. As for the Currans, the Grattans, and the Ponsonbys, they are gone, and have given place to the Nationalists of our present generation. That transformation in the personages who were the idols of the day, marks the revolution in the tone of Dublin society.

One of the most aristocratic of provincial capitals has been socialized and democratized, till the respectable citizens only continue to reside there on sufferance. The royal arms have been lowered from the façade of the Mansion House; her Majesty's health is omitted from the toast-list at official entertainments; the vice-roy is become a shadowy sub-monarch, more to be pitied than to be courted; and the standard of the United Kingdom has been struck for the national flag. The contrasts of poverty and wealth must always have been sharply accentuated; but now, while the destitution is conspicuous as ever, comparative prosperity is sadly out at eibows. With few exceptions the house-fronts and the area rails would be all the better for repainting; while the thoroughfares, which are certainly among the most spacious in Europe, are a world too wide for the dwindling traffic.

Yet Dublin has its busy quarters and its tolerably bustling quays; and, with the exception of Cork and the cities of Ulster, it has been drawing to itself the business of the rest of Ireland. For as the Englishmen, after all, are the best customers and patrons of the Irish, the trade will tend steadily eastwards towards the harbors that are most convenient for our coasts. In the ordinary country town the aspect of things is still more depressing, because the little place had never more than a local vitality, and now it is in an advanced stage of decay. Before the crash of long-accumulating liabilities came with the fatal potato famine, which sent so many of the ancient families into the Encumbered Estates Court, there were half-a-dozen hospitable houses within reach, which drew all their native supplies from the brisk town of Ballytatters. The hogsheads of claret that were on flow in the hall, the runlets of cognac kept on tap in the cellars, were no doubt delivered directly from the Gironde or the Charente. But all the groceries—a very comprehensive term in Ireland—were supplied by the country tradesfolk. The butchers and graziers sent meat to the houses where, with gangs of ragged retainers to be pampered in idleness, there were always "lashings and lavings;" and the very embarrassments of the landlords were far from being unprofitable to their purveyors. The bill was paid sooner or later; but when there was absolute uncertainty as to the day of settling, there was no disputing the items. Indefinite credit meant unlimited interest; nobody paid anybody else till it was "convenient,"

or till the application of legal pressure was justified by inexcusable delays that excited the lenient popular sentiment. And everything had to be settled by the lawyers at last, since no one would pay any one else till he was compelled. So the landlords were mortgaging their over-crowded and exhausted acres and drawing upon their capital like men. The agents, who managed everything, were fattening at the landlords' expense. The middle-men were squeezing the tenants, while their own incomes were being squandered by dissipated sons who set up for squires; the hunting and the buying of horses put money in the pockets of the farmers; the solicitors were always up to their necks in bills and business; and all these people dealt with the country tradesmen. So the system worked admirably to all appearance, till the smash came, when there was a general liquidation and compounding of debts, with a sweeping jail-delivery of the penniless prodigals.

Nowadays, Ballytatters is a very different place, and the neighborhood is almost "dissolute, so far as the gentry are concerned." So the old townsman will tell you, as he shakes his head over reminiscences of the blessed past. The great nobleman of the neighborhood is still to the fore, occupying a suite of rooms in one corner of the ground-floor of the palace that was built by his grandfather regardless of expense. He has still a nominal rental of £30,000, being in actual though precarious receipt of some £3,000. What with jointures, encumbrances, current debts, etc., he might honestly make his income tax return even lower. And he has to fight tooth and nail in the face of growing unpopularity to keep the miserable margin that is left him. Tenants sitting under the judicially reduced rents make menacing or moving appeals half-yearly for sweeping reductions. His noble but nominal income is paraded on public platforms, to point the meanness that refuses assistance to the poor in times of universal depression. The farmer who has a handsome sum on deposit receipt at the bank; the tradesman who charges high retail prices for inferior goods; the laborer who has been thrown out of work by the landlord turning the home farm into grazing, after his patent reaping and threshing machines had been boycotted,—all combine to abuse him. For now he must look twice to each sovereign he spends, and he has been reduced to dealing with the co-operative stores. As for the smaller gentry, most of them

have either parted with their estates, or have shut up their homes and are gone. The houses are to let, and no one will take them. The fishing was boycotted in the worst days of the Land League ; the salmon were netted by gangs of poachers, and the water has never altogether recovered. The hunting in county Killnabogue used to be famous ; but the farmers — who breed horses and sell straw and hay — have been forced by the League to denounce it ; so the pack has been sent to the hammer, after sundry cases of poisoning. And now the town of Ballytatters, that was once so brisk, not to say boisterous, barely exists in its melancholy inanimation. Miles Murphy, the lord's land-agent, has left the great house in the big garden at the back of the main street. After being repeatedly shot at and continually threatened, he has betaken himself to a still more roomy residence in Dublin, which he has picked up "for a song." The clergyman of the Established Church of Ireland, who used to distribute charity with both hands, is economizing on a reduced income. The only men who are still doing fairly well are the pettifogging lawyers, who prosper by the national law-suits, and the bigger tradespeople, who, although they have lost the custom of the "gintry," continue, under pressure of boycotting, to act as mercantile middlemen to the small general dealers in the surrounding villages. The consequence being that Ballytatters is the oddest mingling of good houses and bad ; of a show of spasmodic prosperity, with evidences of poverty and distress. There are at least a couple of handsome branch establishments of the leading banks, where the managers live in comfort above the office on the ground-floor, with its burglar-proof safes and its grated windows. They must do a sufficiently remunerative business to make reasonable profits, after an annual outlay of £400 to £500, and their paying customers are the country-folk who are grumbling and "holding the rent." Probably the best of the other residences are occupied by solicitors, who emblazon their names on door-plates and wire blinds, and have plenty of clients dancing attendance on market-days. Before the shops of the grocers the street is encumbered with piles of empty cases, hogsheads, and hamper. But betwixt and between stands many a once decent habitation, with dilapidated roof and cracked windows ; while not a few of the whitewashed one-storyed tenements, with their tattered thatch, are rather like hovels or Saxon pigsties than

cottages. And that is more specially the case in such dying western towns, with a more creditable past, as Bantry. Here is a broad bit of pavement half blocked by an odoriferous heap of manure flung down at the entrance to a carrier's yard or stable ; beyond it is no pavement at all ; while the causeway, half flooded from a choked gutter, is further obstructed by a peat-cart, left tilted where the horse was taken out.

But what most nearly concerns the tourist is the view of the inns ; and as to the view, he is often agreeably disappointed. He soon finds out, to his satisfaction, that he must not judge the inn by first impressions. The exterior, almost invariably, is extremely unprepossessing. Whitewashed of course, though the whitewash may be dingy, it is a mean, two-storyed, commonplace house. Though it may advertise itself in the local journals as one of the most commodious hotels in the county, assuredly it was never "built for a hotel." Yet "ekes" and outshoots may have been added at the back, and it is more commodious than it appears. Ask for a private sitting-room, and you will generally get a good one, unless a land commissioner, or a revising barrister, or a free-handed angler should have anticipated you. Talk about dinner, and you may have less cause for congratulating yourself. The Irishman, like the Turk, lives in the day, and thinks little of the morrow. The larder, in all probability, will be bare. Yet there will be fitches of bacon in the kitchen, with abundance of small but savory fresh eggs. And a man may dine far worse than on Irish eggs and bacon and cabbage ; the eggs and bacon being as much the national dish as the inevitable and seductive *puchero* of the Spaniard. The alternative is chicken, roast or boiled ; and the chicken, besides being newly caught and killed, is much like a moderately sized and meagre partridge, except down the way of Wexford and Waterford, where poultry is a staple article of export. Then they will always toss you up a respectable omelet, and they are almost as clever at simple puddings as primitive Germans. The grand secret of comfort, as we have said, is to take things very quietly ; to expect little, and express thankfulness for the smallest mercies ; to flatter whenever you can conscientiously praise, and to insinuate suggestions of amendments with infinite diplomacy and delicacy. The fare on the second day is sure to be more satisfactory. You may be warned overnight that there

is no hope of trout or herring for breakfast. Yet somehow the herring or the trout will appear; and your ejaculations of ecstatic surprise will bear fruit in some shape at the dinner-table. The drink is frequently doubtful; yet it is more often good than bad. In the poorest inns we have come on creditable claret, and in some of the most back-of-the-world hostelleries of the wildest west, have revelled in warm weather in delicious Bass on draught. The Irish whiskey and the Dublin stout may generally be trusted, if the tourist's constitution will stand these liquors. For the relative comfort in many unpromising-looking establishments, we are indebted to two classes of customers. Those in the little towns are largely patronized by commercial travellers, who do a pushing business all over Ireland; while others in the wilderness and the remote villages are often the resorts of sportsmen and fishermen, who have put the proprietors through a slow course of education as to the wants and the tastes of roving gentlemen.

Next to the priests, we should say that those same commercial travellers are, in their degree, as prosperous as any class of the community. There is a constant demand for their services, for from city to town, and from town to village, dealers who are more or less in the wholesale line are distributing goods to smaller retailers. The lively bagmen are apparently well paid—they are certainly well fed and clothed; they are full of life and jollity, and almost invariably sleek and corpulent; for in Ireland no man walks who can help it, and beyond the regions of the railways everybody rattles about on cars. Not that the commercial calling is without its cares and its exacting social obligations, which is perhaps why few of these men appear to be much past middle age. It can be no light matter arranging for the transport, on the small outside cars, of the portentious bales and coffers with which they are encumbered; it always strikes one that they not only carry samples to show, but vast reserves of the articles to deliver across the counters. And as they have constantly to be wetting bargains, in fiery whiskey and water, that must tell on the constitution rather sooner than later. As for the priests, they are in the more enviable position of being able to drink just as much or as little as they please, which gives a very good idea of their easy existence. I am very far from passing a sweeping condemnation on the order. Not a few of them are

pious and hard-working men, and the best friends of parishioners who might otherwise be friendless. But to any stranger it will seem that poverty-stricken Ireland must be terribly over-priested and extravagantly over-churched. As to the number of these churches I say nothing. It may be right that the public services of religion should be brought easily within the reach of sparsely settled districts. But there can be no question that the cost of many of the buildings is glaringly out of harmony with the sequestered situation. Driving over a league or two of barren moorland, you drop down into some sheltered hollow, where the square residence of "the clergy" is nestling up to the handsome, high-roofed church, with its lofty Gothic windows and graceful limestone steeple. It seems like rearing a Solomon's Temple for the use of wandering herdsmen in the half-deserted plain of Esdraelon. As for some of the cathedrals in decrepit or half-dying towns, they are simply magnificent so far as expenditure of money goes. Then from the time you set foot on the steamer at Holyhead till you are stepping into some "general car" to explore the deserts of north Donegal or Connemara, the sleek priests in suits of shining black, by twos or threes, are always among the most thriving-looking of your travelling companions. You come down to breakfast or to dinner in one of the rather expensive hotels of the west, and more than one party of two or three incumbents are pretty sure to be seated at the well-spread tables. For they always travel in couples or in triplets. I protest against the suspicion of our entertaining any prejudice against the clergy of any denomination; I am rather disposed to exaggerate the value of their services, and would sooner sin on the side of prodigality in multiplying and endowing them. But it is impossible not to be impressed by the omnipresence of those glossy black-coats in Ireland. It is impossible to forget the poverty of the country and the grumbling of the tenants against the arbitrary exactions of the landlords. It is impossible not to remember that ninety-nine out of a hundred of those priests are peasant-born and peasant-bred, used to poverty and hardships from the very cradle; for the old gentleman-scholar of the Douai College is long extinct. So we ask, whether, supposing that the shepherds are not in excess of the flocks, it is necessary that the beneficed clergy and their coadjutors should travel in first-class carriages, and dine in the coffee-rooms of the Royal or Imperial Hotels, while their

brothers and cousins are content with stirabout, or with stray slices of bacon on high days and holidays? All those cathedrals and showy parish churches, all the black suits and succulent repasts, must be paid for out of the pockets of a people that calls itself miserably poor; the dues for the luxuries of the popular and democratic Church rank before the rent and the rates and taxes; and when men are repudiating the contracts by which they voluntarily bound themselves yesterday, it is a question whether there is not room for retrenchment here. But possibly, if half one hears be true, the devout Catholic layman can hardly help himself. It is said that so long as he is well and lusty, he is inclined to "hold" the dues as he "holds" the rent, and that largesses and benevolences to building schemes are out of his line altogether. The priest who knows the people possesses himself in patience,—squeezing an instalment of his outstanding debt now and again—till the recalcitrant parishioner is struck down by sickness. Then in the agony of a death-grapple between avarice and black despair, the penitent is found to be more malleable metal.

But that is a grave subject, and a very delicate one to boot, so we shall change it summarily. If the day be fine, there can be no difficulty in Ireland in shaking off importunate thought, should you be neither landlord, land-agent, nor land-grabber. You ordered the car overnight at half past nine, so by ten you ought to find it ready packed and waiting for you. Naturally, you first cast a glance at the horse—an under-sized animal which looks as if he could go, as indeed he can, although he has no neck to speak of, and has probably been down more than once. You look at the luggage, which is all right; the portmanteau strapped behind the shafts in front, the smaller articles stowed away in the well, and the wraps arranged to form a rest for your back. Then you look curiously at the driver who is to be your guide and companion; and though you may pride yourself on your powers as a physiognomist, you can surmise very little about him. Time and your attempts at conversation will tell. Possibly he is stupid, silent, or morose; but the odds are that he brightens when you speak, and shows himself a brilliant conversationalist. Unless it be involuntarily and unconsciously, he is seldom droll, but he professes to have any amount of local information at your service. It will not do to trust him too far, for rather

than appear to be at fault when he is questioned, he will draw freely on a fertile imagination. But discretion and your experience should keep you tolerably straight if you are not getting up facts with a purpose. Then, "unbeknownst to himself," his talk will be enlivened by bulls, and with quaint turns of expression that are richly racy of the soil. And talking of the soil and the scenery, though we have left the scenery chiefly to the guide-books, you may have any variety of both in the course of one long day's drive: bleak bog and barren moorland; strips of deep though rather swampy meadow-land, stretching along some peat-colored stream; a *col*, or a gap, as they locally call it, which means a tight fit for the road in some depression between the shoulders of the lofty purple hills; and then a rapid descent into some fertile strath, where the swift clear salmon-river is hurrying seawards, breaking over the rocks and the banks of gravel, under the foliage of feathering woods that surround a homelike mansion in its home fields. Another and a stiffer pull up to another of those "gaps," and as you top the crest of the steep ascent, and look out across a broad table-land of swamp and pool and heather, you feel the fresh sea-breezes fanning your cheek, and know you can be at no great distance from the ocean. The road keeps well clear of the coast, for the coast-line breaks out and inwards, in sheltered bays and storm-lashed headlands. But it is worth while pulling up at the nearest accessible point, and making a pilgrimage on foot along the rough tracks of the turf-carts to have a peep over the brink of the land-line. And there in North Donegal, or any one of the wild western counties, you may look down over the dizzy edge of beetling cliffs, where the great gulls are dwarfed to swallow size over the waves breaking silently far beneath you; while to right and left stretches cape beyond cape, as they have been mined and hollowed from time immemorial by the billows of the Atlantic.

Change the scene, and transport yourself many leagues towards the south, or even turn inland for a few miles from the storm and surf-beaten shore, and you are on some sea loch or land loch, sheltered upon all sides, with its softly feathering cypresses and its bright summer lawns, where there are stones on the hilltops, heather and golden furze on the hillsides, and fuchsias and hydrangeas in the cottage gardens fringing the seaweed-strewn

slopes of the sheltered beach. Or wander down one of the southern rivers, beginning some twenty miles below its sources in the dismal peat-bogs, and you may pass on from one enchanting picture to another, never satiated by the monotony of the richest repetition, for fresh surprises, with slight variations, are awaiting you at every turn. Passing over grey old bridges and going beneath ruined keeps, by villages that, like Italian hamlets, look bright in the distance, and are by no means so disagreeable on closer acquaintance, as you begin to breathe rather heavily in the shadows of those woods, the valley widens, the heights fall back, and you are in some such smiling pastoral landscape as that of the Westmoreland dales, or the bright sheep-farms of Liddesdale on the Scottish Border. And almost before you have begun to weary of the grass and the sheep, the banks are closing in upon the narrowing water-way, and you are back again among the rocks, the oaks, and the beeches. These are but slight and flying sketches of what may be seen anywhere, save in the central counties, with little trouble in searching; and though there is no denying that touring in Ireland has its inconveniences, yet we can conscientiously recommend it to any one in love with the unfamiliar and the beautiful, and who finds some flavor of piquancy even in a dash of the dull or disagreeable.

ALEX. INNES SHAND.

From The English Illustrated Magazine.
MERE SUZANNE.

CHAPTER I.

MIDWAY between the Norman seaport Havre, and the city of Paris, there stands, on the very edge of the river Seine, the quaintest little town in the Pays de Caux. Its gabled, half-timbered houses are grouped round a grand old Gothic church just where two green valleys meet, and send a little river trickling through the pebble-paved streets, to lose itself in the Seine. This little stream is called St. Gertrude, and before it reaches the street it meanders pleasantly across the *marais*, as some willow-fringed fields are called. The willow-trees plainly love the little river, for they grow on both sides of it, and bend down caressingly till their grey green leaves make reflections therein, along with the yellow sedges, and the purple loosestrife and paler agrimony, which

assert themselves in patches of color against the bank. All these pictures showed vividly on either side of the little stream half an hour ago, but now the sun has sunk behind the trees on the western side of the *marais*, and grass and leaves and reflections have put on a sombre robe of olive before they go to sleep.

The *marais* lies higher than the town, yet it is lower than the road which leads past it to the gabled, half-timbered houses beside the Seine.

A young fellow, seventeen years old or so, sunburned and blue-eyed, with the Saxon-looking face so often seen in the Norman peasant, turns aside from this road as he reaches a by-path, and goes down to a plank bridge across the little stream. The light is now so dim that the cottage near the big willow-tree in the corner of the *marais* can hardly be made out, but the figure of a woman standing in front of the cottage doorway can be seen a good way off; the lilac cotton jacket above her dark skirt and her snowy linen cap are very distinct against the dim blurred background of cottage and willow-trees. The woman's nose and chin, always near together—for she has lost her teeth—are now closer than ever, she is smiling such a fond welcome to her boy.

"Come, come," she says blithely, "you must want your supper badly, Auguste."

She bustles forward and tries to take from him the bundle he carries on his shoulder, while he kisses both her withered cheeks.

But Auguste does not smile back in the old face so near his own, and he says, "No, no," almost sternly, as he holds the bundle away from her.

His mother—they call her La Mère Suzanne in the little town by the Seine—turns meekly away and goes back into the cottage, but her head is bent, and she has left off smiling. She knows, by help of that sympathy which exists between a loving mother and her child, that something ails Auguste, and a dread which she cannot put away seems to clasp her heart like an iron band.

The sight of her sick husband crouching over the fire recalls her wits.

"Yes, yes, my man," she says cheerfully, "here is our Auguste come back, and right hungry too, you may be sure. It is a long walk from Yvetot, you know, Jules."

Auguste has not followed her in; his footsteps sound slow and heavy, he loiters outside a minute or two, then goes round to the outhouse.

"What ails the lad?" his father says; "he says nothing — and I that have not seen him these two days."

Jules Didier turns round a pale sallow face, almost covered by a grizzled beard that sorely needs the barber. His eyes are dark and haggard, his face has suffering plainly marked on it, one arm, too, is missing; but as he rises and stands erect he is a tall man, a thorough contrast to his little, stooping, blue-eyed wife, who looks like a ball as she bends over the fire to fill a brown bowl with soup out of the pot on the hot hearth.

Her son comes in just as she sets the steaming bowl on the table. A long roll reaches half across the unbleached home-spun tablecloth; a small pitcher of cider, and a gaudy red and blue plate full of huge white radishes are placed on either side.

Auguste goes up to his father; he kisses both cheeks, and then merely saying, "You have supped," he seats himself, and eats his soup in silence.

The father groans as he sits down again, for his joints are old and stiff with rheumatism. Auguste's silence does not seem to him out of the usual course of things, and when one is troubled with one's own ailments one is sometimes less sensitive about the joys and sorrows of others.

La Mère Suzanne has such a busy time of it that she can never find a moment to think about herself in. Her Jules, her Auguste, and those three dear dead sons who fell at Magenta and Solferino occupy all her thoughts — the poor mother often wonders where her dear boys' graves are; if there were but a chance of finding them out, she sometimes thinks she would like to make a pilgrimage to Italy, although monsieur le curé says Italy is a long way off — farther even than Paris.

Her thoughts just now are full of Auguste. She stands out of his sight, and yet she is watching him. She has been every moment expecting to hear his merry laugh, and to see his bright face turn towards her with that look of invitation to share his mirth, so dear to a mother's heart.

He has finished his soup now, but he only crumbles the bit of bread which is put beside his plate. Then he sighs, and his head sinks on his breast.

His mother does not speak, but unconsciously she sighs, too, and her lips quiver. Something has happened to Auguste, that is plain enough; but she will not worry her good, loving boy, he shall take his own time. "When the trouble gets too heavy

to bear," she says meekly to herself, "my Auguste will come and tell it to his mother." It costs her a struggle to keep down her longing to comfort him. She wants to put her arm round his neck and to ask him to tell her his sorrow; but this might vex him — "Who can tell?" she says bravely. The struggle has brought hot tears to her eyes, and she goes quickly away to the outhouse and dries them there on her apron.

While she stands at the door and looks out over the cabbage plot a smile comes over her face. Something is creeping about in the gloom, and now a long-haired bushy-tailed grey cat emerges from behind a row of globe-shaped cabbages with leaves curling outwards like a rose. "Mousseline, Mousse, Mousse, what are you doing?" Suzanne laughs merrily as the cat comes close, and lays at her feet a large yellow frog which he has caught among the cabbages, and which by his purring and the arching of his back and tail he intimates is vermin not to be tolerated on the premises.

La Mère Suzanne stoops down and pats Mousseline, and the cat rubs itself against her.

"Good Mousseline," she says, "good cat! Come in and see Auguste."

She stops outside. All within is silent, and when she opens the door she sees that Auguste's face is hidden by his hands, as he rests his elbows on the table. His father, roused at last by the unusual silence, is looking round at his son.

To him, however, Auguste's attitude speaks only of fatigue, and Jules's idea is that the lad will get a nap if he is left in peace.

But as Suzanne looks at her boy the pain at her heart comes back. She closes the door, and Auguste lifts his head. His dreary craving gaze draws her to him in a moment.

Outside the door she has been saying, "He must be left alone — yes, yes, the poor boy must not be questioned," and now, without her will, she finds her arms round his neck, his head is on her shoulder, and his tears are falling on the front of her gown.

"There, there, my jewel, my well beloved;" she rocks his head in her arms, pressing it against her bosom as if he were an infant. She does not question him.

Love, that best of teachers, has given to poor, old, ignorant Suzanne the key which unlocks an overburdened heart. She is so emptied of self that she is a part of Auguste, and the poor fellow's heart eases

itself without effort into this sympathy which does not even offer itself because it is already his.

"Mother," he says softly, so that his words shall not reach his father, "it has come at last — that which we have dreaded." He feels a shiver in the arms round his neck, he feels, too, that her breath is drawn more deeply, and he tries to smile bravely, though he does not look at her face. "Yes, mother, I am no longer Auguste Didier, I am No. 317. I am drawn for the army of the north."

He felt surprised, wounded even, when he saw that her first thought was for his father. She looked round, and held her breath a moment, and then she turned to her boy, her poor face so pale and changed, that instinctively he tightened his hold lest she should fall down in a faint.

She kissed Auguste's forehead, and then drawing herself away, she went up to the invalid.

"Jules, my man," she said cheerfully, "you are very tired; the day has been hot and weary. Shall not Auguste help you to bed? he too is tired and wants rest."

Jules Didier looked wistfully over his shoulder.

"I have not heard any news yet," he said with some discontent. "Come, Auguste, let us hear what fun was going in the market to-day. Is Rouen as full of travellers as usual, or have the Prussians frightened them away? Ah! those Prussians, they are rough customers — eh, my lad? Why, mother, what ails you?"

She had been taken unawares; as he uttered those careless words about the Prussians, there rose up before her a battle-field, with her boy, her darling Auguste, fighting hand to hand with dark, fierce-looking men, whom she knew must be German soldiers.

She gave a sudden sharp cry, and flinging her apron over her head she reeled back against the table.

Auguste's arm was round her in an instant, and he placed her in the chair in which he had been sitting. But he did not stoop to kiss her. The young fellow knew that he must play the man if he would not break the hearts of these two who so fondly loved him. At that moment his mother's tenderness was a danger which he must avoid.

So he walked up and down the stone-floored room — up and down three times, his head bent on his breast, and his hands behind his back.

But his father had no eyes for him. It was new to Jules that his wife should ail

anything, and a vague terror came that she was, perhaps, dying. Death and Suzanne! The two ideas had never before come to him hand in hand. He rose up pale and trembling, and going over to where she sat he put his one arm round her and patted her bent shoulder.

"What is it?" he said, in a hurried, alarmed way. "What have you done to yourself — tell me, Suzanne? What has happened?"

The last words sounded fretful, for indeed to Jules, who was so often a sufferer, and who had grown accustomed to consider himself helpless, it seemed impossible that any one so cheerful and active as his uncomplaining wife should be ailing except by her own fault.

She looked up at him with scared, pathetic eyes. She did not mean any reproach, she only longed dimly for something which she felt he could not give her.

"Kiss me, Jules," she said, and then, as his rough chin rubbed her forehead, she sank back feebly, as if in those few minutes she had grown older.

Auguste had stood still when his father spoke. He was young, but he knew what his mother wanted, and in that moment he realized what the loss of him would be to her. He loved his father dearly, but he did not see why he should be spared the grief that had come upon them all.

"I will tell you, father," he said hoarsely, "and then you can help mother to bear it. I knew it was coming, but I did not know it would come so soon. Our soldiers have been beaten, they want all the men they can get, and if a fellow is strong there is no escape. I am drawn for the conscription, and I have to march on Monday."

His father stood still, his fingers clutched nervously at the front of his blouse; he looked sicklier than ever.

"It cannot be," he said. "Monsieur le maire said to me, 'Auguste will be exempted; your years of military service — your lost arm, the poor lads in Italy;'" his voice grew husky as he glanced at his wife's bent head. "Monsieur le maire has said that all these things must preserve us our last child, and — and — I told him what a good child he was."

His eyes shone with tears as they met his son's.

Auguste only shook his head for answer.

Jules went on with sudden unusual energy.

"There is a mistake. Yes, yes, you will

see. I go to-morrow to monsieur le maire, and then to Rouen ; they will not take you from us when they have heard me — they could not. Yes, yes."

He rubbed his hands ; his facile nature had already persuaded itself that what he wished to be must of a certainty happen.

Auguste went up to his mother, and hugged her closely to him. Something told him that was the best comfort she could have that he could give. Then he said tenderly : "It is late ; we had better all go to bed, mother."

CHAPTER II.

A MONTH has gone by ; or, as they have seemed to Suzanne, thirty long days have passed since the morning her boy marched away with his fellow-recruits. A few words from monsieur le maire had convinced Jules that there was no hope of a release, and then he went back to his customary helplessness, varied, it is true, by unusual diatribes against a government which, he said, sucked the blood of her children.

Auguste had left the marais overnight ; he said it was better in all ways that the old people should not go with him to Rouen. He told his mother that it would be hard for her to say her last good-bye among strangers, and it might make him weak before his comrades ; then, too, he had added lovingly : "It will be so hard for you, little mother, to go back to the home alone."

And as she stood and saw him disappear in the darkness, which hid the tears she could not keep back, she said, "His last thought was for me."

She had tried since then to keep cheerful, and at the end of the first fortnight there had come to her a great reward for her courage — a letter from Auguste. In it he told her he was well, and that so far as he could be happy away from home he liked his new life ; he liked some of his comrades too ; the officers were kind to him ; one of them even employed him to do little personal services. "Dear mother," the letter went on, "monsieur le capitaine says I am willing and handy ; truly, if I am, it is to you I owe these qualities."

It would be hard to say how many times La Mère Suzanne had read that letter — first aloud to Jules, and then over and over to herself out in the garden plot, where an old grey-green pump stood under the shade of a walnut-tree. She had less to do in Auguste's absence, and her thoughts were busier. She often won-

dered if he got time to mend his stockings as she sat on the edge of the stone trough beside the pump, reading and re-reading the precious letter ; then she put it carefully in her pocket and went on knitting at the set of new stockings which she hoped he would come back before long and claim ; for, indeed, Monsieur Haulard the tailor, and Clopin the gossiping seedsman in the little town yonder, had greatly cheered Jules only last Saturday by telling him the emperor would soon drive the Prussians out of the country, and that then the newly raised troops would be disbanded and the soldiers would return to their homes.

"The country has lost money enough," Monsieur Haulard said ; "it will not want to pay soldiers whom it needs no longer." So few neighbors found their way to the marais to see the lonely couple, that the tailor's and seedsman's wisdom had not been contradicted.

In one field in the marais the grass had grown high again, for it was September. There had been a good deal of rain, and as the breeze swept over the after crop the green looked intense against the grey of the willow-trees. It was a warm afternoon, and Mère Suzanne had gone to the front door to cool her hot face. She had been bending over the hearth while she stirred the *pot au-feu*. She thought the tall grass looked so cool and refreshing. What a cheering sight it would be to Auguste, who was, perhaps, at that very moment marching along a hot, dusty road !

She sighed, and then she looked towards the bridge, for she heard the click of the little gate which led into the marais. Some one was coming down the stony path to the bridge — some one who was short, square, and red-faced. This personage walked with a certain air of possession, and no wonder, for he was Doctor Maubeuge, the owner of the cottage and of the field in which it stood ; and not only was he the best doctor that could be found between Rouen and Havre, but he was also a most accomplished antiquary, a member of more than one learned society, and an authority against whose decision there could be no appeal, either in the matter of a Roman coin or a prehistoric monolith. Suzanne ran quickly indoors.

"It is the doctor, Jules." She looked round, and seeing that all was neat and in its place she went to the door to receive the visitor. He nodded to her, but it seemed as if, instead of hastening forward, he slackened his pace. Suzanne put her

hand up over her eyes, and thought how grave he looked as he came slowly towards her.

"Good-day, Mère Suzanne," he said; "and how is the good man, eh? No worse than usual?" He smiled as he said this.

"Come in, monsieur le docteur, you are welcome." She stood aside to let him pass. "Monsieur will find my man much as he left him, except that Jules is wearying for another letter from the dear boy."

The doctor went quickly by her into the square, low room.

"Keep your seat, my good Jules. But you need not keep so near the hot hearth. What will you do when winter comes if you broil yourself this way in autumn?"

The doctor seated himself with his back to the window at some distance from the hearth, but Suzanne remained standing near the table. She felt troubled, for a strange idea had come to her. It seemed as if the doctor had something to tell, and she felt she was bound to stand to hear it, just as she had stood to hear Auguste tell his fatal news more than a month ago.

"Is there fresh news, monsieur, to-day from the army?"

It was Jules who broke the silence. The same question was on Suzanne's lips, but she could not speak — the certainty that there was bad news kept her dumb and motionless.

The doctor shook his square, grizzled head before he answered.

"Yes, my friend, there is fresh news, and I grieve to say, it is bad news. Our troops have been badly beaten; the emperor and half the army are prisoners, and there has been great loss of life in the battle."

"Holy Virgin!" Jules said, and he bent his head till it nearly touched his knees.

"Monsieur" — the doctor started at the sound of Suzanne's voice, it was so feeble — "tell me — tell us — you have brought news of our boy!"

Monsieur Maubeuge met her imploring eyes and he turned away; he had to take a large pinch of snuff — too large a one, seemingly, for soon after he had to wipe his eyes with his handkerchief. Then he nodded kindly at Suzanne.

"Sit down, my good mother," he said; "you cannot think so well standing, and I have to tell you something which requires thinking over. Well, then," he went on when she had seated herself, "I received a letter just now from friend of mine, an army surgeon who is at present at Bouillon; some of the wounded have been

transported to the castle there from Sedan, and my friend sends a message from Auguste Didier, of Caudebec, who is among them."

He paused. Jules moved restlessly. "*Mon Dieu,*" he murmured, "it is too hard — the last and the best of all."

But Mère Suzanne neither spoke nor moved. The doctor thought she grew paler, but she seemed to be listening for her boy's message.

"It is very sad for you, my friends," the doctor said, "but I need not tell you it is the fortune of war. It must comfort you to know that your boy is in good hands. Doctor Godefroi is one of the cleverest surgeons in the army. Auguste sends his love, and that he has a kind doctor and nurse. He has, I am sorry to say, received a bayonet wound in the thigh. Now you must tell me what I am to write to him."

Suzanne unclasped her hands, and raised her head; she seemed just awakened from sleep.

"How far off is Bouillon, monsieur?" she said.

"How far off?" The doctor put his hand to his chin and looked down at the floor. "Well, my good Suzanne, it is about one hundred miles from Soissons to Bouillon, but from this place to Soissons it must be more than one hundred and fifty. Truly it is a long way — yet, as you see, the post travels the distance in a few hours. Ah! modern progress is marvellous."

Suzanne sat counting her fingers.

"Monsieur," she said timidly, "if I went part of the way by rail, and walked the rest, do you think I could reach Bouillon in five days?"

"Walk?" The doctor looked at her anxiously; he thought the shock must have touched her brain. "Why, Suzanne Didier, you never walked far in your life. I have heard you say that Villequier was quite a long way off, and yet the distance from my house to Villequier is just two miles. Walk, indeed! You would fall down on the highroad before you reached Rouen."

"But, monsieur," she said earnestly, "is it not possible that our boy may not recover, and that he is wanting me?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. It was easy to see that her words disturbed him, and also that he was resolved not to be shaken from his opinion.

"What use could you be to him? you know nothing about wounds; and although the poor lad's is an honorable wound —

for it is plain that he came to close quarters instead of running away as so many of the cowards did — yet a thrust from a bayonet is an ugly disaster, and only the most skilful treatment can be of service."

Suzanne's eyes brightened with eagerness, and a red flush rose on each cheek.

"Monsieur is right — I am too ignorant to help my boy. Thank God that he is in good hands. But, monsieur, the sight of his old mother will cheer him. It is necessary for me to go."

She kept her voice steady, but tears rolled over her furrowed cheeks, and the doctor turned his head aside and looked out of the window.

"*Diable*," he muttered, "what am I to say to her? — and yet she must not go to Bouillon."

Suzanne stood patiently awaiting his answer.

At last he said : "My good woman, how can you go? You have no money to spare, and it costs a good many francs to get so far as Sedan, and beyond that you have the diligence journey to Bouillon; and even then how will you find your son?"

At this she raised her head, for it had sunk on her breast while he spoke. Her eyes were glazed with tears, but there was a hopeful tone in her voice. She had been thinking all this while, and what she had to do lay clearly before her.

"Monsieur will say I am obstinate; perhaps I am, but I cannot help it. Even if I tried to stay here my feet would carry me to Auguste. There is a little money put by; it was for him — well then, monsieur, I will use it for him; and if monsieur will be so good, if he will give me a letter to this Doctor Godefroi, there's no fear but I shall get to my Auguste."

The doctor turned round and looked at her curiously.

"Women are strange creatures," he was thinking; "I never knew this one had a will of her own till now."

"You are foolish as well as obstinate." He stopped and looked at Suzanne, but he saw that his words did not move her. "I suppose you mean to go whether I approve or not?"

She glanced at Jules, but his face was hidden by his large, bony hands. Monsieur Maubeuge guessed her meaning, and he led the way into the passage. She shut the door after her, and looked pleadingly into the doctor's frowning face.

"Monsieur, I cannot go if Jules is not willing, but I expect he will bid me start at once. He so loves the boy, and he

cannot go himself — he is too stiff and lame, as monsieur knows." She waited, but no answer came. "Well then, monsieur, it seems to me that I can get to Yvetot in time for the evening train to Rouen. Monsieur Clopin will take me in his cart if I ask him, and my cousin at Rouen will let me sleep at her house tonight; so if monsieur will be so good, I would call presently for the letter to Monsieur Godefroi."

The doctor whistled. "I could not have planned it out more quickly," he thought; "women are certainly nimble-witted. Well, well," he said, "I will write the letter; but it is possible Jules will not let you go. I hope he won't."

She bent down and kissed his hand. "Pardon me, monsieur, I am grateful, but I must go; it seems to me that my boy keeps asking for his mother, and that already I ought to be on the road. May I come at six o'clock, monsieur le docteur?"

He stared at her. "I suppose so," he said doggedly; then as he turned away he muttered, "Poor dear soul! The most absurd proposal I ever heard; but there is no use in going against instinct — we all know that."

CHAPTER III.

THE sun shines down hotly on the round stones that pave the irregular streets of Sedan, and as the flies cluster and buzz round the horses of the diligence these tormented creatures toss their heads and switch their tails and stamp impatiently on the burning stones. They stand on the side of the *place* near the booking office, ready to start, but there is none of the gay bustle round the vehicle that one so often sees in a foreign town. The driver leans against a doorpost, examining the end of his whip, and the conductor looks dejected as he stares down the street. The town is silent, there are few inhabitants to be seen, and these go about their business in as hushed a manner as if they had just come back from a funeral. The town folk are usually light-hearted enough, and at another time both driver and conductor would have been plagued with witticisms about one thing or another; but to-day is different. No one can for a moment forget that up yonder, only a few hundred yards away, is the stretch of fields covered with mounds, and only a few days ago red with the blood of dead and dying Frenchmen.

And besides this, some miles away, in the gloomy old castle frowning over the

Semois — once the dark stronghold of the dukes of Bouillon and the prince bishops of Liège — are lying hundreds of prisoners, many of them suffering tortures from the wounds received in the bloody battle. Yes, there are hundreds of them up there! When the diligence comes back this evening there will be many inquiries about these sufferers in the hospital in the castle of Bouillon.

To day there are only two passengers for the diligence — English tourists — one of whom is curious to see the room in the little inn at Bouillon where the French emperor slept after he had yielded himself a prisoner. This traveller is a small, fair, dapper man, so intent on the journey before him that he has become impatient of the delay in starting.

"Come, come," he calls out to the driver, "how much longer are you going to wait? It will get hotter instead of cooler, my friend."

The driver opens first one eye and then the other widely.

"Do not trouble yourself, monsieur, we shall not start for ten minutes or so; but if monsieur likes to walk on, he will find that the road is shaded by trees, when he has passed the battle-field."

"I will go on." The dapper little man in grey suit and hat steps briskly out and puts up his sun-umbrella. He is very anxious to examine the battle-field, and he pulls out a smart red note-book from the breast of his coat, that he may have it ready to record his impressions therein.

The other traveller is older and less carefully dressed; he does not follow his companion.

"Are you coming?" calls back the tourist with the note book.

"No," says the other. "I would rather go out of my way to avoid a battle field."

"You don't say so! I think it most interesting. Well, you'll overtake me on the hill."

As the inquiring tourist passes up the stony street a small bent figure appears on the lower side of the *place*. The driver and conductor both look round at the stooping woman; they consider that she is possibly a passenger. She is dressed in a rusty black gown and jacket; her white peasant cap shows plainly under a shapeless bonnet.

"Good morning, mother," says the conductor; then, as she limps slowly along, he adds: "You are lame. Are you going to ride, by chance?"

Poor old Suzanne curtseys. "Monsieur," she says humbly, "will you have

the kindness to tell me how far it is to Bouillon? Is it a long walk?"

She raises her tired blue eyes to his face.

The man whistles. "Too far to walk," he says — "over nineteen kilometres. Our diligence does the distance in two hours and a half, though the way is steep."

Mère Suzanne sighs. She has walked a good deal in these four days, but she has also paid many francs in railway journeys; it seems to her that Auguste may need the rest of her little store. Her back aches terribly, and her feet are lamed by the hot, stony roads — and yet she is not quite spent. Surely, if she tries, she can walk some of these nineteen kilometres.

"How much is the fare to Bouillon, monsieur?" She sees that this is really an omnibus — there is no *coupé* in front, nor are there any outside seats — it is perhaps less expensive to ride in than a diligence is.

"Two francs," he says carelessly. "It is too little to ask, for the road is steep, and the horses do not like such hills in hot weather. Will you get in, mother?"

Suzanne shakes her head. "Two francs!" she says, and then she smiles. "Monsieur, I thank you, but I have not so much to spare. I will walk on towards Bouillon."

The man watches her limp up the stony street.

"The poor old creature has a husband or a son in the hospital," he says. "Joseph, you might have taken her along for nothing."

"Diable, and why not?" Joseph answers. "Why did you not say so? What is the use of you if you cannot give me the benefit of your ideas?"

The conductor is silent, and the horses stamp so impatiently on the stones that they shake the vehicle and the passenger who sits inside it.

Meantime Mère Suzanne toils up the stony street. The town is not a large one, and she soon comes out on to a road; there are no stones here, on each side are hedges broken away in places, leaving gaps. Suzanne toils on, she looks neither right nor left, her heart does not beat any quicker, and yet, all unconsciously, she is passing by the very place where her Auguste was pierced by a Prussian bayonet.

A little way further trees on each side of the road afford welcome shade. Suzanne gives a start, for leaning against one of these trees is the tourist.

She looks at him.

"Sir," she says meekly, "can you be kind enough to tell me if the road goes on straight to Bouillon, and how much farther off is the château?"

The traveller takes out his pocket-handkerchief, spreads it on the ground and seats himself.

"Sit down, my good woman," he says; "you must want a rest if you have climbed that hill — the road is simply abominable." He smiles approvingly as she seats herself at a respectful distance. "Those poor Frenchmen," he goes on, "must have suffered horribly as they were jolted up and down hill to Bouillon."

While he looks to see if the diligence is coming he whistles a cheerful tune; this poorly clad old woman does not interest him or attract his notice, or he would see that she has been trembling since his last words, and that tears have gathered in her faded blue eyes.

"Can monsieur tell me," her voice is very faint and sad, "whether the battle was fought on this side of Sedan?"

He turns to look at her. "Did you not know? What a pity you did not overtake me lower down! Dear me, I could have explained it to you. I have been walking over the field — a battlefield is extremely interesting to an Englishman — and I saw plenty of buttons and scraps of that kind still left about. Well," he says eagerly, "if you look as you go down you will surely pick up something; you can easily get into the field by one of the gaps in the hedge, you know."

Something in her fixed gaze makes him uneasy; he begins to wonder if she is in her right mind, but it is such a relief to have some one to speak to that he cannot keep silence.

"What are you going to Bouillon for?" he asks.

Suzanne has edged herself further away from him, she does not wish to speak again, but it is not in her nature to be rude.

"I am going to the hospital, monsieur. I have a son there."

"Dear me," he says briskly, "that is extremely interesting." He takes out his red book and makes a note therein. "Do you think you can take me into the ward as a friend, my good woman?"

Suzanne feels troubled when she sees that the stranger is writing down her words, but her anger rises as she listens to his proposal. "You are not my friend, monsieur;" she rises up and makes him a low curtsey. "I am a poor woman, and I cannot be of use to you."

It is a relief to her to hear the tinkle of the horses' bells as the diligence comes slowly up hill. She watches it climb like a black and yellow snail; the tourist gets inside when it stops, and then the driver calls out to Suzanne.

"Come, get up, my mother," he says, "if you can squeeze in beside me you shall ride free to Bouillon."

She raises her withered, thankful face. "Ah, monsieur, may God bless you, I can never thank you enough, but when my lad is strong again he will help me to thank you."

The driver bends forward and helps her up carefully; then he cracks his sounding whip, the bells give forth a merry tinkle, and the omnibus rattles on along the uneven, jolting road.

"You are going to your son?" says the driver.

Suzanne's heart seems to flow out with her words; this genial, rough-looking Walloon does not repel her as the tourist did.

"Yes, monsieur, I am going to my Auguste; my husband is lame, he cannot travel, and monsieur sees that our Auguste is all we have — he is our last and he is wounded. We have others — oh yes, monsieur, there are three, but they lie at Magenta and at Solferino."

The coachman swears roundly.

"I hope France has seen the last of an empire, mother. These two Napoleons and their empires have wasted blood that it will take more than a generation to replace."

Suzanne bends her head and sighs; in her heart she agrees; she detests war, but her husband and all her sons have been soldiers, and she cannot join in blame of their calling.

Presently the diligence reaches the top of a steep hill. The road descends abruptly, and in the valley below is the river Semois circling like a silver coil round a wooded promontory on which show the white houses of the town of Bouillon. The rocky neck of this promontory rises abruptly from the valley at the foot of the road, and on it is the dark, frowning castle of Bouillon. Beyond are high hills with table-land atop, gold and emerald just now, as corn and turnip fields glow in the sunshine.

Mère Suzanne catches at the driver's arm; between joy and excitement she can scarcely speak.

"Is that — is that the hospital, monsieur?" She points up to the towering fortress across the valley.

"Well, my mother, the hospital is within there — they will tell you, I fancy. Our coach stops at the little inn below" — he points downwards — "for our yard lies across the bridge. You see," he adds, "the town lies on both sides of the river, but you must get out on this side."

"It is not far," she says, as she looks from the place to which he points up to the gloomy fortress.

He shrugs his shoulders.

"You will find it a long climb, my mother, the entrance is on the other side. *Gare — gare!*" he shouts, as a timber-cart, drawn by two cream-colored oxen with large soft eyes, comes slowly up hill, the boy in charge lying so sound asleep on the long tree-trunks chained to the frail picturesque cart, that even the cracking of the driver's whip fails to rouse him.

"Yes, my mother," he says, when, this danger past, they stop in the front of the little vine-clad inn beside the Semois, "I think it will take you a good hour to climb up to the Château de Bouillon."

CHAPTER IV.

HALF-WAY up the ascent Mère Suzanne stopped and she looked behind her. Below lay the quaint and ancient town with the silver river in its midst, flowing on to the right between wooded banks, a charming picture of repose; to the left the stream took so swift a curve as it circled the promontory that it was soon lost to sight.

She could no longer see the castle, for she was directly below it, but as she turned to pursue the upward, stony road, she came in sight of the cemetery, which lay behind the shoulder of the hill on the further side of the promontory. It was below her and out of her way, and yet Suzanne felt strongly moved to visit it. It had often soothed her to think that pious hands, all unknown to her, had perhaps laid wreaths on those far-off graves in Italy; and now she too might say a prayer for some poor fellows who had perhaps died of their wounds in the hospital of Bouillon. But no, this must be afterwards — she could not lose a moment in seeking her boy.

Some more toilsome climbing, and then she reached a platform covered with trees in front of the entrance. A sentinel stood grimly before his box. He was young, and he shook his head when Suzanne spoke to him, but he looked compassionate, although he could not understand what she said. Suzanne pulled the doc-

tor's letter out of her pocket, and showed it. The young soldier shook his head again — then, when he had thought a few minutes and had looked carefully at the tired woman, he pointed through the gloomy archway.

Suzanne thanked him, and she passed through the dark portal green with age and damp. Seen through the archway the courtyard had looked nearer, but she found before she reached it, that she had to pass over a drawbridge with awful chasms on either side, and then through another portal. The gloom of the grass-grown, neglected-looking court surrounded by the grim walls of the castle was horrible, and she saw as she passed through the passages that water trickled down the walls, and that liverwort and ferns had niched themselves wherever they could. The tired woman shuddered. She had only thought of her boy in a hospital; was he, perhaps, a prisoner in these stern-looking dungeons within the keep?

The door to which she had been directed stood open. She was relieved to see a woman standing just within.

"Ah! good-day, my mother," said the woman in French, and Suzanne's spirits revived when she heard her native tongue and saw a friendly Walloon face. "You perhaps want the hospital — but it is not this way."

"Yes, yes, madame, it is the hospital I want." Suzanne nearly cried for joy. "I was afraid this was it." She looked up at the black stronghold, which seemed to be a part of the dark rock on which it stood.

"You must come with me," the woman said; "you wish perhaps to see one of our patients. Poor fellows! they do not many of them get visitors — their friends live far away."

Suzanne had felt exhausted while she climbed the hill, but at these words her strength came back. She was close to her son then — in a few minutes she should see him! A lump rose in her throat, for she knew he must be altered — terribly changed by all the suffering he had gone through. Now that she had seen for herself what the journey was from Sedan to Bouillon, she could guess how trying it must have been for these poor wounded soldiers.

"Ah, the poor fellows, they have enough to suffer, but they are well cared for now," the woman went on, talking fast over her shoulder. "Oh, yes, there are some nursing sisters, and my sister Hubertine; I too help when there is no chance of a vis-

itor to see the château. You do not care to see the dungeons, I fancy. Ah! but they are a sight to see, and there are besides the *oubliettes*, and a well so deep that it goes down to the Semois."

She threw back her head as she made this announcement; she was proud of these awful dungeons hewn out of the dark rock. Mère Suzanne scarcely heard her; they had just come out of a long passage into a larger court, and her eyes were fixed on a range of far more modern buildings than the original château. A group of three gentlemen stood outside the entrance doorway, and one of these was putting something down in a book. Then he nodded to the others and passed quickly out of sight.

"You must speak to one of them, they are both doctors," her conductor said to Suzanne, and then bidding her good-bye the friendly woman went back to her post.

But the doctors were talking together so earnestly that they did not observe the small bent figure that stood meekly watching them.

At first it seemed to Suzanne as if she could not wait—as if she must go forward and push aside the man who blocked the doorway, and then find her way to the bedside of her boy; but Suzanne had long ago given up her will. She was so accustomed to look for guidance that there was little danger she would act rebelliously. While the doctors talked she began to pray, and by the time they broke up their conference she had remembered that she must not murmur against the will of the loving Father, who had brought her thus far safely on her way.

One of the doctors went back into the hospital, and then the other saw Mère Suzanne.

"What is your business, my good woman?" He spoke quickly, but not unkindly.

Suzanne made a low curtsey. "I am your servant, sir," and she handed him the letter addressed to Doctor Godefroi.

He looked at it, then he gave it back to her.

"This is not for me, it is for Doctor Godefroi. He was ill yesterday and he went down into the town, but he may be back to day. Do you want to see one of his cases?"

"If monsieur pleases." She tried to smile, but her lips trembled too much. "Monsieur will perhaps be so very kind as to tell me where I shall find my boy. He is Auguste Didier from Caudebec,

monsieur, and he has been wounded in the battle with a bayonet."

There was a half smile on the doctor's lips.

"My good woman," he said kindly, "I am afraid you must wait till my colleague returns. We only know our poor fellows by their number in the hospital wards. But you look tired, you must not stand here; come in and rest till Doctor Godefroi comes back. We shall know before long—some one has gone down to fetch him."

Poor Suzanne's head bent still lower; she followed the doctor into a bare room, where a tall woman in a black gown and a white apron stood measuring bits of linen and then folding them on a white table.

The woman looked up as the doctor came in.

"Will you let this person wait here, Hubertine?" he said. "She wants to see Doctor Godefroi, and I fancy he will come before long."

Hubertine looked at Suzanne, and then she pulled forward one of the wooden chairs.

"Will you sit down, madame?" she said; "you must have found the way up so steep."

Suzanne sat down while the nurse went on with her work. The poor mother's lips moved; she longed to ask for her boy, but a great dread possessed her. Now that she was so close to him fear was stronger than hope. At last love triumphed; she got up and stood beside the nurse, looking yet more bent and feeble beside the tall, strong figure.

"Madame," she said timidly, "can you tell me how it fares with a lad called Auguste Didier? He is my son, or I would not trouble you. He is in the care of Doctor Godefroi."

The tall woman turned such a look of compassion on her, and then Suzanne saw that she had only one eye.

"My friend," said Hubertine, "we do not know the names of our patients, there are so many, and the nurses are so few that we have to go quickly from one bed to another. Even now I am wanted and I must leave you."

"You are, perhaps, going to my Auguste!" Suzanne had unconsciously clasped her hands, and the nurse, well accustomed to read unspoken words, gave her a sad, tender smile.

"Even then I could not take you with me—only the doctor can pass you in; but, indeed, you are mistaken. I do not nurse any of Doctor Godefroi's patients;

Sister Françoise is with them. *Alles,*" she patted Suzanne's shoulder, "you must hope for the best; your son has the cleverest doctor and the best nurse in the hospital. Sit and rest yourself."

With a nod and a kindly smile she went away with her bandages, and once more Suzanne was left alone.

But now she was less sad; perhaps not more hopeful, but light had come into her troubled soul. It was very comforting to learn that Auguste had been cared for by a sweet-faced sister of charity. Suzanne had met several of them in her long, wearisome journey, and she had told herself they had angels' faces.

"And I, what could any one so ignorant have done for him?" but at this thought tears would come streaming over her withered cheeks, till at last she sank down on her knees and prayed earnestly for calm.

She was still praying, so much in earnest that she did not hear the door open.

Suzanne rose up and she saw before her a strange, pale face, but she felt sure it was the face of Monsieur Godefroi. He was passing through the room, but she held out the letter before he could reach the opposite door.

"Monsieur, I think you are Doctor Godefroi, and you will take me to see my boy."

She was not timid now; suspense had made her resolute. If the doctor left her she might lose her chance of speech with him.

He gave her a quick look.

"I have not been through my wards yet;" but he opened the letter. He read it, and then he looked keenly at Suzanne; his bright, deep-set eyes shone in his pale, worn face.

"Come along, my good woman," and he led the way through the door opposite into a ward that opened from the passage. On each side was a row of beds filled with wounded, suffering soldiers. Some were lying still as death itself, others writhed and moaned with anguish.

Mère Suzanne followed the doctor, glancing shyly at each face as she passed. But she saw only grey-haired sufferers here, till she reached the end of the room, and then she spied out a poor young black-eyed fellow tossing about in such fevered anguish that she slipped up beside him and straightened the bedclothes and smoothed his pillow, and gave him a drink of the water that stood near him.

"Mother!" the poor lad said, "oh, mother, I cannot bear it!"

But the doctor was opening a door at the end, and Suzanne had to follow him. This was a larger, cooler ward, with a large window at the further end.

A sister was bending over the bed nearest this window; the bed facing it was empty, and Suzanne seemed to breathe more freely in this isolated corner.

"Well, Sister Françoise," said the doctor, "and how are we all this morning? How is No. 10?" He bent over the bed, and then he looked up at the sister; they exchanged glances, and the doctor spoke in a low voice. Suzanne could not utter a word; her heart beat so loudly that she seemed to hear it in the silence, for the men here lay quietly as if asleep.

"This is his mother." The doctor did not look round at Suzanne, but he moved aside to let the sister pass him. She took Suzanne's trembling hands and held them firmly clasped.

"Poor dear mother!" she said, as she smiled down tenderly into Suzanne's faded eyes.

It seemed to Suzanne as if she had known it all before. Through these weary days it had been coming nearer, nearer, hour by hour; and when the sister said, "He will know you, you shall speak to him, the doctor is telling him you are here," the poor mother felt that this was joy unlooked for. She knew then that her fear had gone even beyond this farewell greeting.

The sister drew her gently forward, and then went with the doctor to another bedside, while his mother bent over the pale, changed face of her son. His sunny hair had all been cut away, but his eyes were raised with a sweet fond smile to hers as she stooped to kiss him. Her hot tears roused him as they fell on his face.

"Dear — little mother!" Auguste's strong young voice was now only a whisper, she could not hear it if she were farther away, "so good — to come — so far! You make me so happy — mother," he lingered out the word, and then his eyes closed, and a look of sweet peace came on the poor suffering face.

Suzanne thought heaven must already have begun for her darling. She knelt down beside him.

Presently he opened his eyes again but he did not speak, and then a wonderful peace settled on Auguste's face. He looked like a sleeping child.

Suzanne was still kneeling beside him, when the sister touched her shoulder.

"Come away, mother," she said, in a tender voice, "your child has gone to rest." KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
LUCY HUTCHINSON.

At the first blush, Lucy Hutchinson is one of those characters that rather repel than attract. Viewed superficially, we consider her political opinions narrow and aggressive, her piety saturated with cant of the most effusive description, and her pride of birth somewhat out of place considering the nature of the sentiments she indulges in. Yet, when we come to examine carefully into the nature of her disposition, our prejudices are at once removed. We find in her, in spite of the phraseology which Puritanism then cultivated, a religion earnest and sincere, and which was ever the guiding influence of her life. Living at a time when society existed as a coterie, and not, as it now is, a mob, she expressed the social views of her order—an order to which only those of gentle birth were admitted; yet, though exacting, she is never harsh or sweeping in her judgments; conscious that she is a gentlewoman, she has but the feelings and prejudices of her kind as they then existed. In politics she was warmly attached to the cause of the Parliament; still, anti-Cavalier though she was, she had little in common with that fierce spirit of the Roundhead which never discriminated, but ever hotly followed its blind prejudices. After reading her memoirs the only conclusion we can arrive at is, that among the women of her day Lucy Hutchinson stands out as one of the purest and most accomplished.

She was born towards the close of the second decade of the seventeenth century. "It was on the 29th day of January," she writes, "in the year of our Lord 1619-20, that in the Tower of London, the principal city of the English Isle, I was, about four o'clock in the morning, brought forth to behold the ensuing light. My father was Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower of London; my mother, his third wife, was Lucy, the youngest daughter of Sir John St. John of Lidiard Tregooze, in Wiltshire, by his second wife. My father had then living a son and daughter by his former wives, and by my mother three sons, I being her eldest daughter." The career of Allen Apsley was a somewhat singular one. A younger son of an

old county family, which had held its lands from before the days of the Conquest, he at an early age wearied of books and all they taught him, bought himself some good clothes, put what money he could scrape together by the sale of an annuity in his purse, and came to London. Thanks to the influence of a relative, he obtained a place in the household of Queen Elizabeth, "where he behaved himself so that he won the love of many of the court; but, being young, took an affection to gaming, and spent most of the money he had in his purse." Finding his resources at a low ebb, he saw that it behoved him to seek employment. His first effort was to accompany the expedition of Lord Essex to Cadiz—in what capacity we know not, but a post was provided for him by his friend the victualler of the navy. So well he fulfilled the duties imposed upon him that on the return of the fleet he was appointed to an influential office in Ireland. Here he married a rich widow, and, shortly after the accession of King James, received the honor of knighthood for some eminent service, "which," writes his daughter, "having only heard in my childhood, I cannot perfectly set down." His marriage was but short-lived happiness; the wealthy widow died a few years after her union, when Apsley, with rare disinterestedness—he having no children by her—distributed all her estate among the children of her first marriage, for whom he ever preserved a fatherly kindness. The father of Lucy Hutchinson was certainly not influenced by the views of the elder Mr. Weller, for he again married a widow, the daughter of Sir Peter Carew, and after a brief union was again a widower. Twice married, and twice married to widows, Sir Allen Apsley, now lieutenant of the Tower, was on the point of uniting himself for the third time to a widow, "who was a lady of as much discretion as wealth," when he came across the mother of Lucy Hutchinson, who was a beauty, unhappy in her home, and but sixteen years of age. Miss St. John, like many impressionable girls of her years, tired of the world of which she had seen nothing, and generalizing from her unhappy surroundings deeming everything bitter and miserable, was about to devote herself to the cause of religion. Apsley now came on the scene, and saved her from the life of a morbid recluse. "He fell so heartily in love with her," writes his daughter, "that he persuaded her to marry him, which she did; and her melancholy made her conform cheerfully to that gravity of habit

and conversation which was becoming the wife of such a person, who was then forty-eight years of age, and she not above sixteen." In spite of this disparity, the marriage was a most happy one. Sons and daughters were born, and when in the sixty-third year of his age Apsley passed away, attacked by consumption, he was regretted by all who knew him. If we accept the estimate of his daughter — and there is no reason to discredit it — he must have been a very fascinating person. A fond husband, a kind but discreet father, a genial companion, a most loyal subject, the pink of honor, he was a favorite not only with his own family and immediate surroundings, but by all the prisoners who were then in his keeping as lieutenant of the Tower. "He was a father," writes his daughter, "to all his prisoners, sweetening with such compassionate kindness their restraint, that the affliction of a prison was not felt in his days." Among these prisoners was Sir Walter Raleigh, whom Lady Apsley allowed, at her own cost, to make the chemical experiments he loved to beguile himself with.

From such parents Lucy Hutchinson sprang. "The privilege of being born of," she writes, "and educated by such excellent parents I have often revolved with great thankfulness for the mercy and humiliation that I did no more improve it." The education of the young lady was carefully looked after, and the pupil appears to have been most promising. The pleasures and amusements of the ordinary girl she detested. "Play among other children," she writes, "I despised, and when I was forced to entertain such as came to visit me I tired them with more grave instructions than their mothers, and plucked all their babies to pieces and kept the children in such awe that they were glad when I entertained myself with elder company." Lucy was evidently a very superior young lady, and looked upon as the bluest of blue stockings. Nor does she seem to have cared for the accomplishments peculiar to her sex. "As for music and dancing," she says, "I profited very little in them, and would never practise my lute or harpsichords but when my masters were with me; and for my needle, I absolutely hated it." But in books and all that could be learnt from books and in conversation with her elders she greatly delighted. "My genius," she says, "was quite averse from all but my book, and of that I was so eager that my mother, thinking it prejudiced my health, would

moderate me in it; yet this rather animated me than kept me back, and every moment I could steal from my play I would employ in any book I could find when my own were locked up from me." English literature in those days was limited, and to read much it was necessary to study the languages of the ancients. She took up Latin. "I was so apt," she not too modestly says, "that I outstripped my brothers who were at school, although my father's chaplain, that was my tutor, was a pitiful dull tutor." At one time she had eight tutors, all instructing her upon separate subjects, and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that when Lucy Apsley grew up to womanhood she was ranked among the most accomplished of her sex, and that, too, in an age when it was the dominant characteristic of her sex to be accomplished. In after life, when Lucy Apsley had changed her name to Lucy Hutchinson, she became a strict disciple of the "Geneva discipline," and considered wicked many things which were purely innocent; but in her youth, though always soberly inclined, she does not appear to have held in all its severity the creed of the saints. "It pleased God," she writes, "that through the good instructions of my mother, and the sermons she carried me to, I was convinced that the knowledge of God was the most excellent study, and accordingly applied myself to it and to practise as I was taught. I used to exhort my mother's maids much, and to turn their idle discourses to good subjects; but I thought when I had done this on the Lord's Day, and every day performed my due tasks of reading and praying, that then I was free to anything that was not sin; for I was not at that time convinced of the vanity of conversation which was not scandalously wicked. I thought it no sin to learn or hear witty songs and amorous sonnets or poems and twenty things of that kind, wherein I was so apt that I became the confidante in all the loves that were managed among my mother's young women; and there was none of them but had many and some particular friends beloved above the rest."

The time was soon to come when this cultivated and somewhat prim young Puritan had to attend to her own *affaires de cœur*. Buried among her books, or taking part in the "profitable and serious discourses" of her elders, "to whom I was very acceptable," she gradually became, as the girl developed into the woman, a personage of local repute. Her elegant beauty, all the more set off by her taste-

ful but strict simplicity of dress, the charms of her conversation, which sparkled with wit and a quiet sarcasm, her modest demeanor, which, though reserved, had nothing of the shyness and awkwardness of the conventional Puritan, her devotion to her mother and her cheerful attention to all home duties, made her the fond object of more than one young man's thoughts. But though various advantageous offers were made to the fair girl of eighteen and approved of by her parents, she declined all such proposals, "not wishing to give her hand where her heart was not." And now it was that her future husband came upon the scene. He was staying in the neighborhood, and from all he had heard of Mistress Apsley, as young ladies were then styled, vowed that he must be acquainted with her. This desire on his part was all the more increased by his being told that the fair Lucy shunned the society of men. "She is of a humor," said a mortified swain; "she will not be acquainted with any of mankind. She is the nicest creature in the world, but shuns the converse of men as the plague; she only lives in the enjoyment of herself, and has not the humanity to communicate that happiness to any of the other sex." Mr. Hutchinson was, however, not to be discouraged. "I will be acquainted with her," he said, and anticipated, when the moment came, creating a favorable impression.

Nor was Mr. Hutchinson unduly conceited in entertaining this hope. Everything was in his favor to excite the sympathies of a young girl, however austere and reserved might be her disposition. He was a man of ancient birth, being on his father's side sprung from the Notting-hamshire Hutchinsons, whilst his mother was one of the Birons of Newstead. Handsome and singularly accomplished in all those arts which at that time constituted a fine gentleman, he yet in an age of much debauchery wore the white flower of a blameless life, and sympathized far more with the tenets of Puritanism than with the fashionable Arianism of the Cavalier. On his father's second marriage, and not best pleased with the attention his stepmother exacted, he came up to town and entered himself at Lincoln's Inn. Here, we learn, "he was soon coveted into the acquaintance of some gentlemen of the Inn; but he found them so frothy and vain, and could so ill centre with them in their delights, that the town began to be tedious to him, who was neither taken with wine, nor gaming, nor

the converse of wicked or vain women, to all which he wanted not powerful tempters had not the power of God's grace in him been above them." The study of the law did not, however, prove very attractive to the young man, and he was on the point of abandoning it altogether, to take a lengthened tour to France, when one of those accidents occurred which often change the current of our lives and form the turning-point of a career. He was invited to Richmond, where the court then was, with its usual accompaniment of pleasant society and brilliant gaieties. This was in the summer of 1637. Hutchinson, as an exquisite dancer and a finished musician, was soon looked upon by the court and local magnates as a very valuable acquisition to the neighborhood. Yet flattery and attention failed either to conquer or spoil him. Society courted him and invited him to its houses, "where," writes his wife with a touch of the sarcasm of the successful rival, "he was nobly treated with all the attractive arts that young women and their parents use to procure them lovers; but though some of them were very handsome, others wealthy, witty, and well qualified, and all of them set out with all the gaiety and bravery that vain women put on to set themselves off, still Mr. Hutchinson could not be entangled in any of their fine snares; but without any taint of incivility, he in such a way of handsome railing reproved their pride and vanity as made them ashamed of their glory, and vexed that he alone, of all the young gentlemen that belonged to the court or neighborhood, should be insensible of their charms." This insensitivity was not long to characterize him. Staying at Richmond, and indeed in the same house with Hutchinson, during the absence of her mother in Wiltshire, was a younger sister of Lucy Apsley. An acquaintance, as was natural, sprang up between the two, and the conversation occasionally turned upon the charms and accomplishments of the elder sister, to whom the younger seems to have been devoted. The interest and curiosity of the young man were excited. He regretted that so much grace and talent should then have been absent from Richmond (for Lucy was with her mother in Wiltshire), where it appears Sir Allen Apsley had a summer seat as a relief to the gloom of the Tower of London. "Then he grew to love to hear mention of her"—we are quoting the words of the future wife—"and the other gentlewomen who had been her companions used to talk much to him

of her, telling him how reserved and studious she was and other things which they esteemed no advantage. But it so much inflamed Mr. Hutchinson's desire of seeing her that he began to wonder at himself that his heart, which had ever entertained so much indifference for the most excellent of womankind, should have such strong impulses towards a stranger he never saw." Indeed, his imagination was so excited by all that he heard of the young lady, and his thoughts became so restless and feverish as he brooded over his unknown charmer, that he longed for her return to Richmond with an impatience and anxiety for which he could not account. He had not seen his mistress — hearsay and that alone had created his passion. So sensitive and emotional had he become on the subject that he said if the idol which his imagination had depicted should have been given to another — and there was some talk of a suitor in Wiltshire — he would have forever remained inconsolable.

One evening whilst Hutchinson was staying with some friends, it was reported that Lady Apsley and her daughter had returned to Richmond; but that her daughter was Lucy Apsley no more, having in the interim become a married woman. This intelligence was too much for the high-strung nerves of the imaginative lover. "Mr. Hutchinson immediately turned pale as ashes" — we must remember that it is the future wife who writes this, and make certain allowances for the exaggeration inspired by vanity — "and felt a fainting to seize his spirits in that extraordinary manner, that finding himself ready to sink at table he was fain to pretend something had offended his stomach, and to retire from the table into the garden; where the gentleman of the house going with him it was not necessary for him to feign sickness, for the distemper of his mind had infected his body with a cold sweat and such a depression of spirit that all the courage he could at present collect was little enough to keep him alive. His host was very troublesome to him, and to be quit of him he went to his chamber, saying he would lie down. Little did any of the company suspect the true cause of his sudden qualm." The report of Miss Apsley's marriage, like so many of its kind, proved to be false, and a few evenings afterwards Hutchinson met at supper the goddess of his dreams. Happily the reality did not put to shame the ideal, and the young man — he was but four years her elder —

was all the more a worshipper at her shrine as he gazed upon her fair, oval face, blue eyes, golden hair, and smile that was all the more bewitching because the expression of the face was generally sedate. The impression of each upon the other appears to have been mutual. "In spite of all her indifference," writes Mrs. Hutchinson, in allusion to the occasion of their first meeting, "she was surprised with some unusual liking in her soul when she saw this gentleman, who had hair, eyes, shape, and countenance enough to beget love in any one at the first, and these set off with a graceful and generous mien which promised an extraordinary person." The end of this acquaintance is not difficult to foretell. Opportunity favored the frequent meeting of the two, and the young couple finding they possessed a harmony of tastes, an intimacy was gradually developed. "This soon passed into a mutual friendship between them," writes the wife, "and though she innocently thought nothing of love, yet was she glad to have acquired such a friend who had wisdom and virtue enough to be trusted with her counsels, for she was then much perplexed in mind. Her mother and friends had a great desire she should marry, and were displeased that she refused many offers which they thought advantageous enough; she was obedient, loth to displease them, but more herself, in marrying such as she could find no inclination to. . . . Mr. Hutchinson appearing as he was a person of virtue and honor, who might be safely and advantageously conversed with, she thought God had sent her a happy relief." After a courtship of six weeks Hutchinson proposed and was accepted. The marriage was, however, delayed by an incident which might have been attended with fatal consequences. On the eve of her wedding day Miss Apsley was attacked with small-pox, and her life despaired of. She recovered, but at the expense of her beauty; the disease making "her the most deformed person that could be seen for a great while after she recovered." The love of Hutchinson was, however, staunch and deep, and based upon a more solid foundation than external appearances. "He was nothing troubled at it," writes his wife, as always in the third person, "but married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her; but God recompensed his justice and constancy by restoring her, though she was longer than ordinary be-

fore she recovered to be as well as before."

No one can read the memoirs of the husband, written by the widow, without being convinced at every page that the marriage was pre-eminently a happy one. Fascinated by his handsome person and engaging manner, Lucy Hutchinson was yet the more impressed by the high moral qualities of the man—his piety stern but tolerant, his learning, his intense love of justice, his exquisite sense of honor, his courage and generosity. He was the idol of her life, and when taken away nought was left to her but darkness and the duty of resignation. The husband, on his side, was equally devoted. "Never was there a passion more ardent and less idolatrous," writes his wife; "he loved her better than his life, with inexpressible tenderness and kindness, had a most high obliging esteem of her, yet still considered honor, religion, and duty above her, nor ever suffered the intrusion of such a dotation as should blind him from marking her imperfections; these he looked upon with such an indulgent eye as did not abate his love and esteem of her, while it augmented his care to blot out all those spots which might make her appear less worthy of that respect he paid her; and thus, indeed, he soon made her more equal to him than he found her; for she was a very faithful mirror, reflecting truly, but dimly, his own glories."

For the next few years after their marriage nothing worthy of special record occurred. Children were born, a child died. John Hutchinson took to studying divinity, which strengthened him all the more in the Calvinistic views entertained by his wife, and as an eldest son, having no occasion to look out for his livelihood, he settled himself at Owtorpe, his father's seat in Nottinghamshire, Sir Thomas Hutchinson being then in London attending to his Parliamentary duties as member for the county. Here the newly married couple remained peaceful and happy until the feud between crown and Parliament broke out, and the country was plunged into all the horrors of civil war. - We have no intention of repeating the thrice-told tale of the Rebellion. All who hold dispassionately the balance between crown and Parliament on that unhappy occasion can but come to one conclusion. There can be no doubt that Charles, after his first quarrels with the House of Commons, entertained the fixed purpose of destroying the old Parliamentary constitution of England, and substitut-

ing personal government for government by Parliament. Until the year 1641 every lover of liberty and constitutional government must approve of the conduct of those who opposed Charles; but after that date we cease to sympathize with the demands of the Houses, and in the war which ensued it is clear that the Parliament were the aggressors. This was, however, not the view taken by the Hutchinsons. When the country was drifting into civil war both husband and wife ranged themselves on the side of the Parliament. Lucy Hutchinson, writing of this agitated period, takes no pains to hide her opposition to the proceedings of the court and its advisers. She is just in her estimate of the private character of the king, and equally just in her view of his political policy. "King Charles," she writes, "was temperate, chaste, and serious; so that the fools and bawds, mimics and catamites of the former court grew out of fashion; and the nobility and courtiers who did not quite abandon their debaucheries yet so revered the king as to retire into corners to practise them. Men of learning and ingenuity in all arts were in esteem, and received encouragement from the king, who was a most excellent judge and a great lover of paintings, carvings, gravings, and many other ingenuities." Yet his public conduct was detestable. He was under the influence of his Popish wife, and invariably advanced Papists, whilst he persecuted Puritans "till the whole land was reduced to perfect slavery." He was a prince that had nothing of faith, or truth, or justice, or generosity. "He was the most obstinate person in his self will that ever was, and so bent upon being an absolute, uncontrollable sovereign that he was resolved either to be such a king or none." Nor did the advisers round the throne check this ambition. There stood Noy, "his attorney-general, who set on foot that hateful tax of ship money," and Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, "a fellow of mean extraction and arrogant pride," and, worse than all, "the Earl of Strafford, who as much outstripped all the rest in favor as he did in abilities, being a man of deep policy, stern resolution, and ambitious zeal to keep up the glory of his own greatness." In addition to these there were the judges "who perverted judgment," and a "great rascally company of flatterers and projectors," as well as, the Puritan prejudices here revealing themselves, "all the corrupted, tottering bishops and others of the proud, profane clergy of the land, who by their insolencies

grown odious to the people, bent their strong endeavors to disaffect the prince to his honest, godly subjects, and to get a pretence of power from him to afflict those who would not submit to their insolent dominion."

When the opposition to the crown broke out into open war Hutchinson was at his own house at Owtorpe. He had, during the dispute between king and Parliament, made a point of mastering the contents of all public papers touching the matter, and the conclusion he had then arrived at was the one which posterity now advances — whatever course the king had pursued it did not justify the going to war. "Although he was clearly swayed by his own judgment and reason to the Parliament, he, thinking he had no warrantable call at that time to do anything more, contented himself with praying for peace." The times were, however, too stormy for any man of mark in his county to remain neutral. Hutchinson had long been looked upon by the Cavaliers as a Puritan, and when they proceeded to denounce him as one of the disaffected, and endeavored to seize his person, he was forced to attach himself to the opposite side. "Mr. Hutchinson," writes his widow, "was not willing so soon to quit his house, to which he was so lately come, if he could have been suffered to live quietly in it; but his affections to the Parliament being taken notice of, he became an object of envy to the other party." Though a Parliamentarian, Hutchinson was far from being in favor of war, for he would much rather that the differences between crown and Parliament could have been settled by accommodation than ended by conquest. Nor did he affect any of the peculiarities of the Puritan zealot, the snuffle, the cant phrases, and the hair cropped like a modern convict. His wife resents his ever being called a Roundhead. "It was very ill applied to Mr. Hutchinson, who, having naturally a very fine, thick-set head of hair, kept it clean and handsome, so that it was a great ornament to him, although the godly of those days when he embraced their party would not allow him to be religious because his hair was not in their cut nor his words in their phrase." Somewhat significant of the indifference to military capacity on the part of the Parliamentarians, a regiment of foot was raised in the neighborhood, and John Hutchinson, who appears to have had no military training whatever, was appointed lieutenant-colonel. In spite of his inexperience, a duty was now imposed upon him which

would have made demands even upon the tact and discretion of a man long accustomed to command. Hutchinson was appointed governor of the town of Nottingham. This town was much divided in opinion upon the burning question of the hour, and feeble both as to numbers and ammunition. "He knew well enough," writes his wife, "that the town was more than half disaffected to the Parliament; that had they been all otherwise they were not half enough to defend it against any unequal force; that they were far from the Parliament and their armies, and could not expect any timely relief or assistance from them; that he himself was the forlorn hope of those who engaged with him and had then the best stake among them; that the gentlemen who were on horseback, when they could no longer defend their country, might at least save their lives by a handsome retreat to the army; but that he must stand victorious or fall trying himself to an indefensible town." Yet, in spite of these cumulative disadvantages, his reign of office was one of triumph. He successfully resisted the Royalists who from time to time beleaguered Nottingham; he crushed the factions in the town which essayed to oppose his authority, and so thoroughly did he fulfil the duties entrusted to him that an order of Parliament came down appointing him governor both of the town and castle of Nottingham, with an acknowledgment of the good service he had done in preserving the place.

With the designs of the Royalists against Nottingham, and the factious opposition of the enemies of the governor, we cannot here concern ourselves; sufficient to say that Nottingham did not fall into the hands of the Cavaliers, and that the appeals against the rule of Hutchinson were dismissed by the Parliament in London. On the meeting of the new Parliament Hutchinson was elected representative of the shire of Notts, and "went up to London to attend his duty there, and to serve his country as faithfully in the capacity of a senator as he had before in that of a soldier." When the trial of the king was determined upon, Hutchinson sat on the bench as one of the members of the High Court of Justice. "Very much against his will," we are told, "he was put in; but looking upon himself as called hereunto he durst not refuse, as holding himself obliged by the covenant of God and the public trust of his country reposed in him, although he was not ignorant of the danger he ran as

the condition of things then was." As we know, the court passed sentence of death upon Charles. The Puritans who came to this decision were of opinion that the king was bent on the ruin of all who opposed him and of all the just and righteous things that had been contended for, and hence it was upon the consciences of many of them that if they did not execute justice upon him God would require at their hands all the blood and misery which should ensue by their allowing him to escape when God had brought him into their hands. Lucy Hutchinson thus ingeniously essays to vindicate the ruling of her husband on this occasion: "As for Mr. Hutchinson, although he was very much confirmed in his judgment concerning the cause, yet herein being called to an extraordinary action, whereof many were of several minds, he addressed himself to God by prayer; desiring the Lord that if through any human frailty he were led into any error or false opinion in these great transactions he woud open his eyes, and not suffer him to proceed, but that he woud confirm his spirit in the truth and lead him by a right enlightened conscience; and finding no check, but a confirmation in his conscience that it was his duty to act as he did, he upon serious debate, both privately and in his addresses to God, and in conferences with conscientious, upright, unbiased persons, proceeded to sign the sentence against the king. Although he did not then believe but that it might one day come to be again disputed among men, yet both he and others thought they could not refuse it without giving up the people of God, whom they had led forth and engaged themselves unto by the oath of God, into the hands of God's and their own enemies; and therefore he cast himself upon God's protection, acting according to the dictates of a conscience which he had sought the Lord to guide, and accordingly the Lord did signalize his favor afterwards to him." This attempt to palliate one of the gravest deeds which modern history has had to record, by pretending that it was directed by divine influence, is an excuse which can be brought forward on every occasion where responsibility has exceeded its just limits. A section of the Puritans — which called itself "the godly" — considered that it alone correctly interpreted the divine will, and therefore what it did and counselled must be right. The death of Charles is only another proof among many of what political hate and fear can be guilty of when

inspired by fanaticism. Until now Hutchinson in all his actions had led a spotless life; he had been decided without cruelty, tolerant without weakness, and pious without the surroundings which in those days made piety contemptible. Yet when the critical moment came he allowed himself to be guided by his prejudices, and directed by an influence which was nothing less than a delusion. No course of reasoning can justify the execution of the king. Charles was made the scapegoat on whose head were laid, and in whose person were expiated, all the sins and misdeeds of his predecessors for more than a hundred years. With respect to the faction which persecuted him even to death, but one opinion can now be formed. They were no friends to liberty, as we shall see, for never under the most arbitrary monarch were the English people subject to a more rigid tyranny; neither did they compose the majority of the nation, which, at least latterly, had recovered its reverence for the royal power. Even of the commissioners appointed to sit in judgment on the king scarcely one-half could be induced to attend at his trial; and many of those who concurred in his condemnation subscribed the sentence with mixed feelings. Yet it is ever so in revolutions. A few violent men take the lead — their noise and activity seem to multiply their numbers — and the great body of the nation, either indolent or pusillanimous, are led in triumph at the chariot wheels of a small but dominant faction.

The substitution of a so-called republic for the old order of things failed to give satisfaction to our Puritan colonel. He thoroughly disapproved of the hypocritical and intriguing proceedings of Cromwell, and upon the installation of the protectorate went down into the country and busied himself with the daily duties of a simple country gentleman. He suppressed vagrants by giving them work to do, he put down all unnecessary alehouses, he took to flying his hawks, and what with superintending his various building operations, attending to the education of his children, interesting himself in music and the fine arts, and acting as adviser-in-chief to his neighbors, his time was well occupied. "As for the public business of the country," writes his wife, "he would not act in any office under the Protector's power and therefore confined himself to his own, which the whole country about him were grieved at, and would rather come to him for counsel, as a private

neighbor, than to any of the men in power for greater help." Lucy Hutchinson was evidently of the same opinion as her husband of the character of Cromwell—ambitious, arrogant, unscrupulous, using religion as a mask to conceal his nefarious projects, the portrait of the man stands out vividly against the canvas of the painter. "His court," she writes, "was full of sin and vanity, and the more abominable because they had not yet quite cast away the name of God, but profaned it by taking it in vain upon them. True religion was now almost lost, even among the religious party, and hypocrisy became an epidemical disease, to the sad grief of Colonel Hutchinson and all true-hearted Christians and Englishmen. Almost all the ministers everywhere fell in and worshipped this beast and courted and made addresses to him. So did the city of London, and many of the degenerate lords of the land with the poor-spirited gentry. The Cavaliers in policy, who saw that while Cromwell reduced all by the exercise of tyrannical power under another name, there was a door opened for the restoration of their party, fell much in with Cromwell and heightened all his disorders. He at last exercised such an arbitrary power that the whole land grew weary of him." Cromwell, aware of the integrity of Hutchinson, and conscious of the influence he exercised over the people, was most anxious to number him among his council. "Dear Colonel," said he to Hutchinson, "why will you not come in and act among us?" In reply the colonel told him plainly he liked not his ways, since he was leading the country on to destruction and paving the way for the restitution of all former tyranny and bondage. Cromwell acknowledged his precipitateness in some things, but now expressed his earnest desire to restore the liberties of the people and begged Hutchinson to join him, offering him high office. The Puritan declined by saying "he could not be forward to make his own advantage by serving to the enslaving of his country." Cromwell was not to be rebuffed. He embraced Hutchinson tenderly, and said, "Well, Colonel, satisfied or dissatisfied you shall be one of us, for we can no longer exempt a person so able and faithful from the public service, and you shall be satisfied in all honest things." In spite of this profession of friendship and regard Cromwell was really in fear of Hutchinson. He dreaded that the honesty and independence of the man would have such influ-

ence over the people, now weary of the bondage of the protectorate, that circumstances might place him as the successful leader of a revolt. He resolved, therefore, to send his guards down to Owthorpe, there apprehend Hutchinson and conduct him prisoner to the Tower. Orders had been given to this effect when they were rendered null by the sudden death of Cromwell, or, as Mrs. Hutchinson puts it, "death had imprisoned him, and confined all his vast ambition and all his cruel designs into the narrow compass of a grave."

Upon the Restoration the position of Hutchinson caused great anxiety to his friends. He had been chosen member for Nottingham in the new Parliament, but his antecedents were well known at court, and no mercy, it was said, would be shown to one who had signed the death-warrant of the father of the restored king. He was advised to fly as Ludlow and others had fled, but scorned such refuge. When called upon in the new Parliament to defend his conduct as to the judicial murder of Charles, he declined to express, like Ingoldsby and others, piteous repentance at the deed. He manfully faced the House, and neither blushed nor hesitated in what he had to say. "If he had erred in those days," he said, "it was the inexperience of his age and the defect of his judgment, and not the malice of his heart, which had ever prompted him to pursue the general advantage of his country more than his own; and if the sacrifice of him might conduce to the public peace and settlement, he should freely submit his life and fortunes to their disposal. The vain expense of his age, and the great debts his public employment had run him into, as they were testimonies that neither avarice nor any other interest had carried him on, so they yielded him just cause to repent that he ever forsook his own blessed quiet to embark in such a troubled sea, where he had made shipwreck of all things but a good conscience; and as to that particular action of the king, he desired them to believe he had that sense of it that befitted an Englishman, a Christian, and a gentleman." This speech was a dexterous piece of special pleading; it confessed nothing and denied nothing, but could be interpreted as the hearer pleased. Hutchinson was, however, suspended from the House. Great interest was now made to obtain his pardon. His wife, of course, took a prominent part in petitioning the crown for

mercy, and she was powerfully aided by her brother, Sir Allen Apsley, who was a staunch Cavalier and commanded a troop of horse for the king, and certain Royalists who spoke of the protecting hand which Hutchinson had extended to them in the rough days of Puritan persecution. These efforts were successful, and the name of Hutchinson was included in the act of oblivion. For this consideration the colonel does not appear to have been very grateful. "His wife," writes Mrs. Hutchinson, "who thought she had never deserved so well of him as in the endeavors and labors she exercised to bring him off, never displeased him more in her life, and had much ado to persuade him to be contented with his deliverance, which as it was eminently wrought by God, he acknowledged it with thankfulness. But while he saw others suffer he suffered with them in his mind, and had not his wife persuaded him he had offered himself a voluntary sacrifice." He was, therefore, not in the most amiable mood when he was summoned to London by the attorney-general, and expected, since he had been pardoned by the act of oblivion, to offer evidence against his former comrades. He sternly refused to say a word which could incriminate any of his former friends, and indeed so angered the attorney-general by his reticence that that high official "made a very malicious report of him to the chancellor and to the king, insomuch that his ruin was then determined, and an opportunity only was watched to effect it."

It soon presented itself. Some disaffected Puritans had entered into a plot — the Northern Plot it was called — to stir up insurrection for the restoration of the "old Parliament, gospel ministry, and English liberty." Hutchinson was quietly passing his days at Owthorpe, occupied with his plantations and gardening operations, and giving never a thought to politics, when by Buckingham's orders he was held to be connected with this plot. There was not a shadow of testimony for this assertion, but that in those days mattered little; when an innocent man had to be convicted means were always at hand to find him guilty. Hutchinson was arrested, shut up in Newark gaol, and afterwards brought to London and imprisoned in the Tower; there "he stood committed for treasonable practices, though he had never yet been examined by any magistrate one or another." Here he was kept close prisoner for several months, and it was only during the latter part of his

confinement that his devoted wife was permitted to be near him. Yet he was happier as a prisoner than as a free man under Charles the Second; it seemed to him a reproach to be at liberty whilst his colleagues, with whom he had been equally guilty, were the subjects of bitter persecution. "Mr. Hutchinson," writes his wife, "was not at all dismayed but wonderfully pleased with all these things, and told his wife that his captivity was the happiest release in the world for him; for before, although he had made no express engagement, yet in regard that his life and estate had been freely left him when they took away others', he thought himself obliged to sit still all the while this king reigned, whatever opportunity he might have; but now he thought this usage had utterly disengaged him from all ties, either of honor or conscience, and that he was free to act as prudence should hereafter lead him, and that he thought not his liberty out of prison worth purchasing by any future engagement which would again fetter him in obligations to such persons as every day more and more manifested themselves to be enemies to all just and godly interests. He therefore charged his wife that she should not make application to any person whatsoever, and made it his earnest request to Sir Allen Apsley to let him stand or fall by his own innocence, and to undertake nothing for him, which, if he did, he told him he would disown. Mrs. Hutchinson, remembering how much she had displeased him in saving him before, submitted now to suffer with him according to his own will." The colonel was therefore kept in durance vile. It is probable that even had he permitted the interest he possessed to be exercised in his favor it would have been of no avail. The council, irritated at his silence and at his resolve not to impart any information as to the proceedings of his brother regicides, were determined to treat him with marked harshness. "Other people," said the chancellor, "conform to the government and go to church, but Hutchinson is the most unchanged man of the party." For months this obstinate Puritan soldier was kept in the Tower a close prisoner; the company of his wife was denied him, and he was threatened with the terrible prospect of transportation to the plantations. At last, sick with fever induced by the bad drainage of the Tower, he was removed to Sandown Castle, in Kent, "a lamentable old ruined place, the rooms all out of repair, not weather-proof, no kind of accommodation

either for lodging or diet or any convenience of life." Here the condition of his confinement was more miserable than it had ever been. He was still denied the society of his wife, who took lodgings at Deal to be near him, whilst the food and accommodation provided for him were of the wretchedest description. Yet his temper does not seem to have suffered, for we read that he was as cheerful and contented as ever. The wonderful faith of the real Puritan sustained him — the faith which caused him to look upon himself as being specially under divine protection, and that whatever happened was specially ordained, and should therefore be cheerfully met and endured. "His wife," writes Mrs. Hutchinson, "bore all her own toils joyfully enough for the love of him, but could not but be very sad at the sight of his undeserved sufferings; and he would very sweetly and kindly chide her for it, and tell her that if she were but cheerful he should think this suffering the happiest thing that ever befel him." Still, in spite of this resigned spirit, confinement in a damp andagueish spot, the privation of good and wholesome food, the want of the society and companionship which had formerly brightened his life, told their tale. At the end of a few months Hutchinson was seized with fever, and before his devoted wife, who was absent at Owtborpe getting certain necessaries for him, could be summoned to his bedside, he passed away. The verdict of the doctor who attended upon him, and accepted by the coroner's jury which sat upon the body, was that *the place had killed him*. He died September 11, 1664. Of the details of the life of Lucy Hutchinson during her widowhood we know nothing. The brief autobiography she has given us breaks off abruptly shortly after her marriage, and was never resumed. Of one thing we may be certain, that, since she was with her husband in the early part of 1664, she certainly did not die in 1659, as some of her biographers allege.

These memoirs of a distinguished Puritan soldier, written by an accomplished and devoted wife, will never lack readers. The style is sometimes high flown and pedantic, but — when it runs naturally — the pathos is exquisitely deep and simple, and nothing can exceed the clearness of the descriptions given in the volume. And it is essentially as a descriptive work that the biography of Colonel Hutchinson is of value. We have here laid before us a vivid and contemporary account of the manners and mode of life in England

during one of the most active and important periods of her history. A careful perusal of this work cannot but remove many of our prejudices, and stamp out some of our most cherished preconceived opinions. The name of Puritan is generally associated with a gloomy fanatic, sprung from the lower classes, hating everything that gives an intellectual pleasure to others, trampling on the fine arts, uncouth in appearance and conversation, and indulging in sanctimonious phrases, whilst he deals out the bitterest and narrowest judgment on men and things which the peculiarities of his creed inspire. Yet Hutchinson was a Puritan among Puritans. He came of a stock that claimed gentle birth for centuries, he was a leading man in his county and highly respected by his brother magistrates, he was a lover of books, he danced, he was devoted to music; conscious that he was a gentleman, he was particular as to his attire, and so far as external appearances were concerned there was little to distinguish him from a Cavalier. But when we come to consider conduct as the result of religion, Hutchinson reaches a standard which few can attain. In his life there was nothing of the looseness which often characterized the Cavalier; we come across humor and amusement, but never vice or levity; in him fixedness of purpose was never allied with cruelty or revenge; the principles held by him were always maintained, whether they suited his interests or no; nor did his sense of courtesy, in order to escape inconvenient answers, ever cause him to trespass upon the boundaries of falsehood. It is difficult to consider such a man as the Puritan modern history has been accustomed to depict; yet we have no reason to doubt that Hutchinson was but a representative of the class, and that among the ranks of the Puritans were many sprung from a cultivated and refined gentry, enjoying life to the full, and pursuing all its legitimate amusements. His wife was cast in a different mould, and it requires some penetration and discrimination to disentangle her from her apparent inconsistencies. Socially no woman was more aristocratic in her sentiments — how wide and deep is the gulf separating her from persons destitute of "blood"! — and yet politically she was in favor of equality, and warmly supported the establishment of a republic. Proud, dignified, and always conscious of her position, whenever she was placed in contact with suffering — as when she tended the sick during the siege of Nottingham Castle — or when-

ever, as we see in the memoirs of her husband, calls were made upon her humanity, she was exquisitely considerate, meek, and sympathetic. *Grande dame* in her set, she was a sister of mercy to those beneath her. Her intellect was masculine — witness her clear and hard sketches of contemporary history — yet was she essentially feminine in the conclusions she drew from her premisses, and in the penetration displayed in her descriptions of character. Her memoirs will always be read, not only because they give us a vivid account of the times she lived in, but because they reveal to us, from the remarks and reflections interspersed throughout the book, the character of a genuine, accomplished, and high-minded woman.

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
CHARLES LAMB.*

MR. WALTER BAGEHOT preferred Hazlitt to Lamb, reckoning the former much the greater writer. The preferences of such a man as Bagehot are not to be lightly disregarded, least of all when their sincerity is vouched for, as in the present case, by half a hundred quotations from the favored author. Certainly no writer repays a literary man's devotion better than Hazlitt, of whose twenty seldom read volumes hardly a page but glitters with quotable matter; the true ore, to be had for the cost of cartage. You may live like a gentleman for a twelvemonth on Hazlitt's ideas.

I do not remember whether Bagehot has anywhere given his reasons for his preference — the open avowal whereof drove Crabb Robinson well-nigh distracted; and it is always rash to find reasons for a faith you do not share; but probably we may assume that they partook of the nature of a complaint that Elia's treatment of men and things (meaning by things, books) is often fantastical, unreal, even a shade insincere; whilst Hazlitt always at least aims at the centre, whether he hits it or not. Lamb dances round a subject; Hazlitt grapples with it. So far as Hazlitt is concerned, doubtless this is so; his literary method seems to realize the agreeable aspiration of Mr. Browning's "Italian in England:—"

* *The Works of Charles Lamb.* Edited, with notes and introduction, by the Rev. Alfred Ainger. Three volumes. London, 1883-5.

I would grasp Metternich until
I felt his red wet throat distil
In blood thro' these two hands.

Hazlitt is always grasping some Metternich. Lamb, writing to him on one occasion about his son, wishes the little fellow "a smoother head of hair and somewhat of a better temper than his father;" and the pleasant words seem to call back from the past the stormy figure of the man who loved art, literature, and the drama with a consuming passion, who has described books and plays, authors and actors, with a fiery enthusiasm and reality quite unsurpassable, and who yet, neither living nor dead, has received his due meed of praise. Men still continue to hold aloof from Hazlitt, his shaggy head and fierce, scowling temper still seem to terrorize, and his very books, telling us though they do about all things most delightful — poems, pictures, and the cheerful playhouse — frown upon us from their upper shelf. From this it appears that would a genius ensure for himself immortality, he must brush his hair and keep his temper; but alas, how seldom can he be persuaded to do either! Charles Lamb did both; and the years as they roll do but swell the rich revenues of his praise.

Lamb's popularity shows no sign of waning. Even that most extraordinary compound, the rising generation of readers, whose taste in literature is as erratic as it is pronounced; who have never heard of James Thomson who sang "The Seasons" (including the pleasant episode of Musidora bathing), but understand by any reference to that name only the striking author of "The City of Dreadful Night;" even these wayward folk — the dogs of whose criticism, not yet full grown, will when let loose, as some day they must be, cry havoc amongst established reputations — read their Lamb, letters as well as essays, with laughter and with love.

If it be really seriously urged against Lamb as an author that he is fantastical and artistically artificial, it must be owned he is so. His humor, exquisite as it is, is modish. It may not be for all markets. How it affected the Scottish Thersites we know only too well, — that dour spirit required more potent draughts to make him forget his misery and laugh. It took Swift or Smollett to move his mirth, which was always, three parts of it, derision. Lamb's elaborateness, what he himself calls his affected array of antique modes and phrases, is sometimes overlooked in these hasty days, when it is thought better to read about an author than to read

him. To read aloud the "Praise of Chimney-Sweepers" without stumbling, or halting, not to say mispronouncing, and to set in motion every one of its carefully swung sentences, is a very pretty feat in elocution, for there is not what can be called a natural sentence in it from beginning to end. Many people have not patience for this sort of thing; they like to laugh and move on. Other people again like an essay to be about something really important, and to conduct them to conclusions they deem worth carrying away. Lamb's views about indiscriminate almsgiving, so far as these can be extracted from his paper "On the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis," are unsound, whilst there are at least three ladies still living (in Brighton) quite respectably on their means, who consider the essay entitled "A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behaviour of Married People" improper. But, as a rule, Lamb's essays are neither unsound nor improper; none the less they are, in the judgment of some, things of naught—not only lacking, as Southey complained they did, "sound religious feeling," but everything else really worthy of attention.

To discuss such congenital differences of taste is idle; but it is not idle to observe that when Lamb is read, as he surely deserves to be, as a whole—letters and poems no less than essays—these notes of fantasy and artificiality no longer dominate. The man Charles Lamb was far more real, far more serious despite his jesting, more self-contained and self-restrained than Hazlitt, who wasted his life in the pursuit of the veriest will o' the wisps that ever danced over the most miasmatic of swamps, who was never his own man, and who died like Brian de Bois Gilbert, "the victim of contending passions." It should never be forgotten that Lamb's vocation was his life. Literature was but his bye-play, his avocation in the true sense of that much abused word. He was not a fisherman but an angler in the lake of letters; an author by chance and on the sly. He had a right to disport himself on paper, to play the frolic with his own fancies, to give the decalogue the slip, whose life was made up of the sternest stuff of self-sacrifice, devotion, honesty, and good sense.

Lamb's letters from first to last are full of the philosophy of life; he was as sensible a man as Dr. Johnson. One grows sick of the expressions, "poor Charles Lamb," "gentle Charles Lamb," as if he were one of those grown-up children of the Leigh Hunt type, who are perpetually

begging and borrowing through the round of every man's acquaintance. Charles Lamb earned his own living, paid his own way, was the helper, not the helped; a man who was beholden to no one, who always came with gifts in his hand, a shrewd man capable of advice, strong in council. Poor Lamb indeed! Poor Coleridge, robbed of his will; poor Wordsworth, devoured by his own *ego*; poor Southey, writing his tomes and deeming himself a classic; poor Carlyle, with his nine volumes of memoirs where he

Lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way,
Tormenting himself with his prickles.

Call these men poor, if you feel it decent to do so, but not Lamb who was rich in all that makes life valuable or memory sweet. But he used to get drunk. This explains all. Be untruthful, unfaithful, unkind; darken the lives of all who have to live under your shadow, rob youth of joy, take peace from age, live unsought for, die unmourned,—and remaining sober you will escape the curse of men's pity and be spoken of as a worthy person. But if ever, amidst what Burns called "social noise," you so far forget yourself as to get drunk, think not to plead a spotless life spent with those for whom you have labored and saved; talk not of the love of friends or of help given to the needy; least of all make reference to a noble self-sacrifice passing the love of women, for all will avail you nothing. You get drunk,—and the heartless and the selfish and the lewd crave the privilege of pitying you, and receiving your name with an odious smile. It is really too bad.

The completion of Mr. Ainger's edition of Lamb's works deserves a word of commemoration. In our judgment it is all an edition of Lamb's works should be. Upon the vexed question, nowadays so much agitated, whether an editor is to be allowed any discretion in the exclusion from his edition of the rinsings of his author's desk, we side with Mr. Ainger, and think more nobly of the editor than to deny him such a discretion. An editor is not a sweep, and, by the love he bears the author whose fame he seeks to spread abroad, it is his duty to exclude what he believes does not bear the due impress of the author's mind. No doubt as a rule editors have no discretion to be trusted; but happily Mr. Ainger has plenty, and most sincerely do we thank him for withholding from us "A Vision of Horns" and "The Pawnbroker's Daughter."

Boldly to assert, as some are found to do, that the editor of a master of style has no choice but to reprint the scraps or notes that a misdirected energy may succeed in disinterring from the grave the writer had dug for them, is to fail to grasp the distinction between a collector of curios and a lover of books. But this policy of exclusion is no doubt a perilous one. Like the Irish members, or Mark Antony's wife—the "shril-toned Fulvia,"—the missing essays are "good, being gone." Surely, so we are inclined to grumble, the taste was severe that led Mr. Ainger to dismiss "Juke Judkins." We are not, indeed, prepared to say that Judkins has been wrongfully dismissed, or that he has any right of action against Mr. Ainger, but we could have put up better with his presence than his absence.

Mr. Ainger's introduction to the "Essays of Elia" is admirable; here is a bit of it:—

Another feature of Lamb's style is its allusiveness. He is rich in quotations, and in my notes I have succeeded in tracing most of them to their source, a matter of some difficulty in Lamb's case, for his inaccuracy is all but perverse. But besides those avowedly introduced as such, his style is full of quotations held, if the expression may be allowed, in solution. One feels, rather than recognizes, that a phrase or idiom or turn of expression is an echo of something that one has heard or read before. Yet such is the use made of the material, that a claim is added by the very fact that we are thus continually renewing our experience of an older day. This style becomes aromatic, like the perfume of faded rose-leaves in a china jar. With such allusiveness as this I need not say that I have not meddled in my notes; its whole claim lies in recognizing it for ourselves. The "prosperity" of an allusion, as of a jest, "lies in the ear of him that hears it," and it were doing a poor service to Lamb or his readers to draw out and arrange in order the threads he has wrought into the very fabric of his English.

Then Mr. Ainger's notes are not meddlesome notes, but truly explanatory ones, genuine aids to enjoyment. Lamb needs notes, and yet the task of adding them to a structure so fine and of such nicely studied proportions is a difficult one; it is like building a tool-house against La Sainte Chapelle. Deftly has Mr. Ainger inserted his notes, and capital reading do they make; they tell us all we all ought or want to know. He is no true lover of Elia who does not care to know who the "Distant Correspondent" was. And Barbara S——. "It was not much that Barbara had to claim." No, dear

child! it was not — "a bare half-guinea;" but you are surely also entitled to be known to us by your real name. When Lamb tells us Barbara's maiden name was Street, and that she was three times married — first to a Mr. Dancer, then to a Mr. Barry, and finally to a Mr. Crawford, whose widow she was when he first knew her — he is telling us things that were not, for the true Barbara died a spinster and was born a Kelly.

Mr. Ainger, as was to be expected, has a full, instructive note anent the old benchers of the Inner Temple. Some hasty editors, with a sorrowfully large experience of Lamb's unblushing fictions and Defoe-like falsehoods, and who perhaps have wasted good hours trying to find out all about Miss Barbara's third husband, have sometimes assumed that at all events most of the names mentioned by Lamb in his immortal essay on the benchers are fictitious. Mr. Ainger, however, assures us that the fact is otherwise. Jekyl Coventry, Pierson Parton, Read, Wharry, Jackson, and Mingay, no less than "unruffled Samuel Salt," were all real persons, and were called to the bench of the Honorable Society by those very names. One mistake, indeed, Lamb makes — he writes of Mr. Twopenny as if he had been a bencher. Now there never was a bencher of the name of Twopenny; yet the mistake is easily accounted for. There was a Mr. Twopenny, a very thin man too, just as Lamb described him, who lived in the Temple; but he was not a bencher, he was not even a barrister, he was a much better thing, namely, stockbroker to the Bank of England. The holding of this office, which Mr. Ainger rightly calls important, doubtless accounts for Twopenny's constant good humor and felicitous jesting about his own person. A man who has a snug berth other people want, feels free to crack such jokes.

Of the contents of these three volumes we can say deliberately what Dr. Johnson said, surely in his haste, of Baxter's three hundred works, "Read them all, they are all good." Do not be content with the essays alone. It is shabby treatment of an author who has given you pleasure to leave part of him unread; it is nearly as bad as keeping a friend waiting. Anyhow read "Mrs. Leicester's School;" it is nearly all Mary Lamb's, but surely it is none the worse for that.

We are especially glad to notice that Mr. Ainger holds us out hopes of an edition, uniform with the works, of the letters

of Charles Lamb. Until he has given us these, also with notes, his pious labors are incomplete. Lamb's letters are not only the best text of his life, but the best comment upon it. They reveal all the heroism of the man and all the cunning of the author; they do the reader good by stealth. Let us have them speedily, so that honest men may have in their houses a complete edition of at least one author of whom they can truthfully say, that they never know whether they most admire the writer or love the man.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
LEOPOLD VON RANKE.

REMINISCENCES OF BERLIN, 1884-1886.

"Over the ball of it,
Peering and prying —
How I see all of it,
Life there outlying,"

Pisgah Sights, I.

To those to whom through all their lives Professor Leopold von Ranke has been a familiar figure as an old, a very old man, there seems something strange, beyond the ever new strangeness of death, in the thought that though at the great age of ninety years, he has yet at last laid down his task on earth, and is really gone from among the race of men. He seemed to those who have seen him recently to have outgrown and conquered old age itself; and the very frailness and comparative insignificance of the lamp in which his spirit burned, made his life appear scarcely a bodily life at all, but rather, to the very last, simply the continuous energy of faith and love, of an apparently inexhaustible and indomitable intellect; and there seemed no reason why this spiritual force should ever cease, so little did it appear to depend on material things.

Kingsley's cry was that it is better to wear out than to rust out. And it is very often accepted as a general truth that the only alternative to rusting out is to wear out,—that work which involves the putting forth of all the strength a man has, must involve a shortening of life. But it seems rather as if the force of congenial work created and prolonged new power of work—as if the true reading of Bismarck's famous motto were *inserviendo confirmor*. The examples of this in our own time and in our own country need no pointing out, but in his own city and country, too, Ranke was only the most

striking example out of a large number. When the students, as we read, carried him to his rest past the university where for sixty years he had been professor, they carried him also past the house of the king, his friend, a man only a year younger than himself; and the work of the great empire, which Ranke saw arise when he was already far past threescore years and ten, is done practically by the fiery energy of a man of seventy-one,—the man whose motto is, *Inserviendo patriae consumor*. But still the charm of manner, the amazing kindness and living interest in all he had ever cared for, was perhaps a peculiar and unusual delight to witness, as it was manifest in Ranke even to within a fortnight of his death. And it is this I should like to bring before my readers, rather than any enumeration of his written works.

Enough has been said, and will still be said during that "burial in the newspapers," which after the death of a great man seems inevitable and not wholly wrong, of Ranke's long life, and of his life's work; but though he never spoke to me directly of the great march of history which as a living man his eyes had seen, it was so constantly suggested by his presence, by his occupation, by his vivid allusions and marvellous realization of the present as represented by all with whom he came in contact, that I may perhaps briefly touch on some of the more striking moments in that portion of the history of his own country which Ranke as a German lived to see. He said to me once years ago, speaking, as he was fond of doing if one showed any interest in it, of his "*Weltgeschichte*," "Sie ist fertig, ganz fertig—hier," and with a fine unconscious movement touched his forehead. And there is something unusually grand in the length of days which was accorded to him who in his ninety-first year died at his work, a chronicle of the world's history.

For, born in 1795, as a little child of six he heard from where he played in his Thuringian home of the terrible Peace of Luneville, and the "partition" of western Germany; when he was nine, that the Corsican, his senior by only a quarter of a century, had been proclaimed emperor of the French; when he was eleven, that the crown with which the great Charles a thousand years before had crowned himself emperor of the Germans, had been laid down, that the princes of that German Empire had done homage to Napoleon as their "Protec-

tor," and that Germany lay prostrate before him, so that the boys at the ancient public school of Schulpforta, where Ranke too was at school, used to scratch Napoleon's bulletins of victory on their benches; till he could realize in 1812 that the flames of Moscow had heralded a new day; in his eighteenth year hear Friedrich Wilhelm's most kingly "Aufruf an mein Volk," and know that after three days of such awful battle as the world has seldom seen, the retreating army of Napoleon had poured through Leipzig by the light of the rising moon. He was almost twenty on that most memorable 18th of June, 1815; twenty-six when Napoleon, "his occupation gone," died at St. Helena; fifty-three when, in 1848, all Europe seemed to consist for a time of the young alone; seventy-one when the first links of a reunited Germany were forged in the essays of the great war; seventy-five when the aged king of Prussia stood in the Hall of Mirrors, at Versailles, emperor of a Germany in all its outward aspects great and free, "from old the peaceablest, most pious, and in the end most valiant and terriblest of nations," as was written at the time by our greatest historian, Thomas Carlyle.

For fifteen years more Ranke lived and worked on in what was now the capital of this German Empire; yet his strength was not labor and sorrow — rather it was continual gladness, it seemed to all who saw him as I did. "There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk." Never did the description from the famous vision fit any man less than it fitted Ranke; and this feeling, that his great vitality was in some not impossible sense self-earned and self-endowed by his generous and courageous labor, and his quick and kindly interest in human life, was one of the elements in that reverential loving awe with which his presence always filled me, and which I treasure as one of the beautiful and ennobling experiences of my life. And I may perhaps be pardoned if I try to show this in the only way I can by dwelling on his kindness to me, who was to him one of the least out of many hundreds of fellow-beings cared for and remembered, and by offering merely the account of some recent visits I was privileged to pay him, the last and most delightful on the fourth of this May that is now only beginning to turn to June — little more than a fortnight before he died.

I regret greatly that I was not able, as I was so strongly moved to do, to write during the fortnight after Easter from Berlin — that what I then wished to present to English readers as a living reality should now seem to find its impulse in Ranke's unlooked-for death. I had wished to speak of him as part of the life of a great, and in many ways brilliant and delightful city, instead of as of one who has left a gap in that life which those who knew him personally feel nothing can replace.

We in England know too little of Berlin; and yet it is necessary to know it in order to form any just view of a nation whose fate and development concern us more nearly than that of any other European nation; as, on the other hand, the development of our intellectual life is the true advance of German intelligence. To judge of Germany by towns like Jena, and even Leipzig, is much like judging of the whole intellectual and spiritual life of England from Durham or Shrewsbury and Liverpool. Berlin is the home of such men as Gneist, who knows the history and nature of the English Parliament as no one else knows it; of Mommsen the historian; the brothers Grimm, with their humor and vivacity and intellectual vigor, sons of the one of the two more famous brothers "who had to marry;" of Professor Ernst Curtius, who has given to a delighted world the Hermes of Praxiteles and the Nike of Paionios, and much besides, and who now, in his seventy-second year, still unites all the enthusiasm and grace of that land of Hellas to which he has turned with a lifelong love with the tenderness and truth of the Teuton. It is the home of Helmholtz, "the most cultivated man in Europe" — of Menzel the painter — of Virchow and Langenbeck, and of many others who help to make this world better and nobler. One more name, however, I must mention, for thousands of us turn to it with loving thought as the home of Joseph Joachim, whose music, before that of any other, can put souls into our bodies — not only hale them forth.

Ranke's close friendship and connection with the royal house of Prussia is well known, and its mention brings me to the account of one of the afternoons I spent with him, which I most clearly remember. Once in January, 1884, as I came near the well-known break in the otherwise monotonous Luisen Strasse — a sort of square recess surrounded by perhaps a dozen houses, and filled in the winter with frosted bushes, in the early spring and summer with delicate green — I saw a

royal carriage standing outside in the street; and after I had walked a few steps along the square to the well-known door on the left, I was coming up the rather dingy staircase, with its well-worn wooden steps — a great contrast to the white marble in more fashionable parts of Berlin — when a clatter of spurs or swords — it was too dark to distinguish — was followed by the crown prince and another officer passing downwards. It is very characteristic of Ranke, that though I hardly expected to be received after what turned out to have been a long visit from the prince, he immediately sent the servant back to tell me he was quite ready to see me then; and I soon found myself in the simple little *salon* where from year to year he received his visitors. The house itself is really the second flat of Luisen Strasse, No. 24A — afterwards the story above was also part of the dwelling — one of the quieter streets of the older part of Berlin lying to the north of the Linden. The Linden is too well known to need much description, — a broad street, not very long, running east and west, opening out at its western end into the fine Pariser Platz, from which you catch glimpses of the Thiergarten through the pillars of the great Brandenburger Thor, at the eastern end into a large, beautiful open space, as all the streets in Berlin are, dazzlingly clean, round which are grouped the finest buildings in the town. The palace of the crown prince and of the emperor, in one wing of which is the royal library, with a charming little reading-room, not unlike that of the British Museum on a small scale; the Hall of Glory, as it is called; and almost opposite, the statue of Frederick the Great, and the corner window where the emperor daily shows himself to his faithful lieges; the University, with a strange-looking, dense swarm of students round the entrance, with their little caps, not unlike gaudy sugar-plum boxes; the great Opera-house; and, hidden in a small wood of chestnut-trees on the other side, the beautiful little Sing-Akademie, where Joachim plays so often. Further east, across a bridge where white rows of winged statues are reflected — sometimes in the waters of the Spree, more often in a crowd of apple-barges — more great buildings; the old Schloss, the Dom, and the superb Museums. All readers of Carlyle's "Frederick the Great" know that part of Berlin; and the lime-trees, which stand in many rows down the street, still, as they did this Easter, renew their golden green above the ground where

Frederick trod, and where Lessing and Moses Mendelssohn and many another walked the earth. Anything but a city "stretched out upon the sand in dreariness and utility."

Not far from all this, across some more water to the right, is the house where Ranke has lived, I think for forty years and more; and up till the last he went abroad for two hours, generally walking, every day — even in the early days of this May, his devoted old servant said. Long ago, about the time of the great war, I have often met him, most commonly in the Thiergarten, the small figure — he was not much over five feet — and the peculiarly finely poised head with the clear outline of the face, readily recognizable from afar. He had a curious, very old-fashioned way of saluting ladies, even out of doors, with a kiss on either cheek, after first asking permission in a formula which carried one back to Minna von Barnhelm and Chodowiecki's drawings. So kindly and so funny too it was. He was very small in stature, but few men have made such a majestic impression. The head was superb — finely chiselled, with a great, arched forehead, exceedingly mobile lips, covered only during the last few years of his life by a long white beard, and very bright eyes, with an incessantly inquiring and keenly interested look. He seemed to send this look before him, to recognize and to welcome.

As I came in to pay my visit on that afternoon in January, he was standing wrapped in the classic dressing-gown, black lined with red, which he knew how to draw about him in the most dignified way, leaning against a tall cabinet on which was an alabaster figure of some sort, and looking towards his new visitor, evidently in a very pleased mood after his visit from the crown prince. He took me by both elbows and made me sit down, and immediately and again most characteristically said, —

"Tell me all about yourself. I want to hear all that concerns you."

He was the best listener imaginable. I need hardly say that he was utterly free from any trace of vanity or self-consciousness — even as sometimes happens on account of great age. He was far too great a man for that. This little salon is, I think, the only room not perfectly full of books; in the other rooms there were eight walls of books, — a sort of inner model of his rooms in the centre of each, a four-sided bookcase reaching to the ceiling. But in the salon not many books;

a few gifts and mementos of people and places—an oil painting of his wife, an Irish lady, over the spot where long ago I remember her lying helpless on her couch, with only the wonderful spirit which made her what she was to her husband shining alive from her beautiful face. She has been dead many years. Ranke would mention her in conversation—"meine liebe Frau"—and point towards the picture as if she herself were there. I remember some Spanish book she was reading, the talk of Beethoven and her husband's work. On the other side two windows, folding-doors at each end, and a low red ottoman in the middle of the room by the table—nothing changed for years and years.

Ranke spoke of the visit of the crown prince with great interest.

"He has just come back from Spain," he said, "and has been telling me a great many interesting things about the country and the people."

Then turning back we spoke about Eton, and it was charming to feel how he at once realized the place and was interested.

"It is by the Thames, close to Windsor, about twenty miles from London, and Oxford is about double that distance further west. And who is the head-master now? I remember Dr. Balston and Dr. Goodford!"

I was lost in amazement, while he went on,—

"It is a lovely place, Eton—'Oh, ich liebe England sehr!'"

I do not remember his telling me that he had ever been to Eton, but of course he must have been there. Perhaps he too, like another distinguished German, a certain Joseph Haydn, had walked on the Slough Road, and seen the races at Ascot.

When I said that I thought him looking stronger and fresher than the year before, he seemed pleased.

"Yes, I am getting very old. I was just writing to the empress that I am like an old tree, and every year I produce fruit—'Und ich bringe doch alle Jahre meine Frucht.'"

The fifth volume of the "Weltgeschichte" had just appeared. He then went on to tell me,—

"An American came to me the other day and asked me whether I expected to finish my 'Weltgeschichte.' You know the Americans are opener, less buttoned up (*zugeknöpft*) than the English. So I said to him: 'Lieber Freund, ich glaube'"

—Ranke here used *glauben* in its absolute sense, as of belief in God's providence—"und wenn Gott will, dass ich mein Werk vollende, so werde ich es vollenden." "It is finished," he went on; "the whole 'Weltgeschichte' is finished here," touching his head. "But from one's head to the pen is a long way; so many a thing must be gone over again, many facts settled and confirmed, much elaborated (*ausgearbeitet*) as it should be."

He looked absolutely sublime as he spoke, and so full of joy, that I involuntarily said, "But it always makes you glad, does it not, your work?"

"My work? Oh, surely! It is my life. I live to work. As long as I live I shall work," he answered, with that magnificent upward look—the fine frenzy of the poet—which those who have seen it will not readily forget.

Before I left him, he gave me various very exact commissions—about the translation of the "Weltgeschichte," now being done in England, and other matters on which he wished me to write to him; many messages to friends in Berlin itself and in England, full of affection and perfect realization of all the different circumstances and personalities. He was at this time working eight hours a day, his housekeeper told me, and received visitors every afternoon, and again later in the evening.

I did not see him again till the Palm-Sunday of this year. I had arrived in Berlin the night before, and about half past nine on a radiant spring morning went to take him some daffodils which had been sent from Eversley a few days before I left England, and which I had brought fresh and lovely all the way across the sea and that great stretch of plain. It was so early that I intended only to leave the flowers while they were fresh, and to ask when he would like me to come; but he wished me to wait, and soon came in, looking stronger and more vigorous, I thought, than two years before. He was full of kindness as always; amused me by asking at once,—

"Do your two old godmothers still exist? and are you staying with them again?"

The ladies are both more than a generation younger than he.

He said, "You have brought me some flowers. I am glad you did that;" and then entered in the kindest way into talk about personal matters—asking after friends in Britain; whether I would see such and such friends in Berlin, mentioning them by name; gave me advice about

people and books at the royal library, until I was bewildered with astonishment at the mere effort of memory his questions implied, as well as touched by the wonderful kindness of his advice.

My last visit to him was on the 4th of May, when I went to say good-bye to him before coming back to England. Another very old friend, Geheimrath von Eckenbrecher, who wished to see him also, was with me, and when we came into the room we found one of Ranke's granddaughters, a young girl, waiting for him too, whom I had never seen. She immediately turned to me, however, and said,—

"Oh, you brought those lovely flowers from England. Grandpapa gave us each a few, but he would not let the rest go till they were quite withered."

Now that he is dead, there is something very sad and touching and humbling to me in the thought that he should have noticed such a little mark of affection so keenly, and been pleased. I had not thought even that he had quite understood how far the daffodils had come, never imagined he would think of them again; but this little incident is so like him that I give it as it happened.

Ranke was working with his secretaries, and we waited for more than half an hour after the usual time. When he came in at last from the *Studirzimmer*, which was so soon afterwards turned into the chapel where he waited dead till they should bury him, he looked so strong, almost radiant, that it was impossible not to be struck by his expression. He walked in, I remember, quite alone and very upright, instead of being rolled in the wheeled chair he sometimes used. When I went up to him and kissed his hand and said, "Excellenz haben heute so lange noch gearbeitet," he answered, with one of the most glorious paradoxes I have ever heard,—

"Aus Faulheit, aus Faulheit; ich arbeite aus Faulheit; ich habe ja weiter nichts mehr zu thun." It was said with that delightfully humorous expression which was rarely absent, and which seemed to speak from his whole face and figure; but it came from the lips of a man of ninety, engaged with all his might on a gigantic task.

He settled himself between his guests evidently ready to enjoy a talk; and it was fascinating to listen to the quick current of delightful conversation in which he revived old memories with my friend, a man himself approaching eighty. Ranke's memory for people and things, no matter

how remote or how *recent*, was almost incredible. He described a rapid drive he had taken in Frankfort, between two trains; and his description of the dream-like sensation of passing rapidly through all the parts of a town where he had spent years of his youth, after an absence of thirty years, I think he said, was admirable. He described the changes briefly, as he always spoke,—his utterance was always very bright and quick in speaking, —but so vividly that it was impossible not to realize it all; and he turned with a brilliantly humorous smile, as he said,—

"And I recognized the wineshops where I had sat, not very often, it is true, but still now and then."

The rest of the visit was taken up with talk too personal to be recorded here. One flash of humor I must put down, however. He was telling our old friend, who does not know my parents, about them, and again the old smile flashed out as he said, with comic moderation, that my father had "taken a somewhat lively interest in the movement of 1848," and so had left Berlin. What I was so much struck with, even in this personal narrative, was the wonderful way in which he made it clear how every event followed either from the personality of the individual or from some definite cause. He even remembered and described most carefully the trivial reason, almost an accident, which had led my father, as a young man, to Scotland rather than to any other country; and this is illustrative of the genius which enabled him at once to see and to marshal all historical facts in their due order and proportion, in a way in which historical facts have never been ordered before.

He again charged me with messages about the English translation of his history. Like Goethe, he seemed to lay great stress on good translations. Two years before, he had once said to me,—

"The English are very fastidious (*wählisch*) about translation. It must be done well, and be homogeneous (*aus einem Guss*)."
And this time he said, "Tell the people (*den Leuten*) they know German, and they can also write good English;" —then after a minute, "One must translate exactly (*wörtlich*); always."

He was much interested in a little project for bringing some of the less read German authors before a small circle of English hearers. "That is delightful. You English have a great deal of humor; you are very rich. But the Germans have

a great deal of humor too ; everything is good that makes the two nations known to each other."

And with this thought I close. His last few words of personal kindness I cannot repeat here ; but it would seem to me as if I had, in some small measure, fulfilled his wish and the wish of the best spirits in both countries, to "make the two peoples known to each other," if I had contributed a few small touches which may give life to the well-known outlines of his genius and his work. For his genius was great indeed, and his work was done for that commonwealth which is the whole earth. He strangely realized Goethe's lofty poem. He achieved the impossible, brought order out of confusion, he chose and judged ; it was given to him to endow the moment with lasting life, to bind all that strays and errs to noble uses :

Edel war der Mensch
Hülfreich und gut !
Unermüdet schafft' er
Das Nützliche, Rechte,
War uns ein Vorbild
Jener gehahten Wesen.

His example and conversation truly taught those around him his own faith in those higher beings whom our souls dimly shadow forth, and his presence filled them with that humility which it is the province only of the highest love or of true greatness to bestow,—the most beautiful gift of one human being to another.

SOPHIE WEISSE.

ETON, June, 1836.

From The Spectator.
VERS DE SOCIETE.

THOUGH we cannot find it an English name, and though no English critic has yet been able to discover a satisfactory definition, we all know well enough what is *vers de société*, and what is not. We can recognize its strongest features, if we cannot tell all its changing colors. We know that though it comes near, it never quite touches burlesque. We know that it is never bitter enough for satire, or broad enough for comedy. It never really moves us, though a touch of pathos, only half expressed and only half believed in, is its most effective resources. It is never serious ; but then, it is never thoughtless, —for it is never dull. It sometimes affects to be innocent, but yet is never childish, for it always appeals to men and women. It will own the aid of as much

scholarship as amuses the well-read people of the world ; but it is never pedantic. In style it is faultless ; but though it requires an absolute perfection, the perfection is its own, for, notwithstanding that the workmanship must be fine and thorough in every part, it must not be the workmanship of inspiration. Dresden figures want as much work on them as small Greek bronzes, but the work must differ in kind. There must be no heaven-sent harmonies, only plenty of well-devised melody. Then, too, its subjects are always men and women, and not only men and women, but men and women of the world. But, though it is always of the world, it is never the song of the person of quality, or the mere chronicle of the court. Its heroines are valued not because they are duchesses, but because they are handsome, witty, and famous. If it occupies itself with little things, they are the little things of great people.

It is very seldom that a real poet is a successful writer of *vers de société*. Every now and then he cannot help a touch of inspiration, and blows through the reed as if it were a trumpet,—and then the reed is broken. When English poetry was at its best, not only did the poets write no *vers de société*, but there were no *vers de société* writers at all. It is true that Sir Walter Raleigh wrote one pretty quatrain which had so much the true ring in it, that in the age when such verse was most appreciated, the wielder of the diamond-pointed pencil deemed it worthy to be produced as his own impromptu. Who could have supposed, when Chesterfield wrote out the charming lines, —

Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty ;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity ;

that he was quoting from the unpolished age of Elizabeth ? No wonder the "little tea table scoundrel," as George II. loved to call him, felt quite certain he would not be detected. Ben Jonson, it is true, every now and then gives us a line or two that is pure *vers de société* ; but he, again, was too inspired a poet to bear the necessary restraint successfully. Chloris's description of the man who could please her is very near ; but just as it is settling down into the proper swing, comes a rushing wind of poetry that carries us into a very different region, and bids us breathe a very different air. It is not till we reach the age of the second Charles — for during his father's reign the overflowing fancy

VERS DE SOCIETE.

and imagination of the poets still continued to forbid success — that we find the real beginning of the "poetry of life and manners." Of these, by far the greatest is Congreve. Sedley gets very near, but he is always in the end too satirical or too passionate. For instance, the admirably turned verse, —

All that in woman is adored
In thy dear self I find ;
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind ;

is infinitely too strong a satire; while the exquisite quatrain, —

Were I of all these woods the lord,
One berry from your hand
More real pleasure would afford,
Than all my large command ;

is true poetry. Congreve, in his "*Amoret*," has given us an absolute touchstone for the true manner. Nothing can be imagined more perfect as *vers de société* than : —

Fair Amoret is gone astray !
Pursue and seek her, every Lover;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering Shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air ;
Both study'd, though both seem neglected ;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

Congreve, however, did not write very much that is as perfect as this. His "*Doris*" is too bitter. Yet one verse, if it were not for a horrible cockney rhyme, is charming. We quote it as the awful example : —

Whom she refuses, she treats still
With so much sweet behavior,
That her refusal, through her skill,
Looks almost like a favor.

Hardly, except in "*Amoret*," is the ideal obtained by Congreve. "False though she be to me and love" is just too tender and too pathetic; while "Tell me no more I am deceived" is too brutal. The next age, or rather Congreve's later contemporaries, are prolific enough in *vers de société*. First, by many degrees of merit, stands Prior. He exactly understood the rules of his art, and followed them with the happiest effect. What, for instance, could be more enchantingly delicate than the lines which begin, "The merchant, to secure his treasure"? Yet more perfect are the "Lines to a Child of Quality, Five Years Old." There is nothing in literature happier than the verses in which the poet laments that no one will even object to his suit: —

For while she makes her silkworms beds
With all the tender things I swear ;
Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair ;

She may receive and own my flame,
For though the strictest prudes should know
it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Prior, too, could manage to be lively, almost rollicking, without ceasing to be polished and well-bred, and without verging on burlesque or comedy. For instance, when Kitty is trying to get the chariot from her mother : —

Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins ?
At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens ?

Here Prior is pressing the line which separates him from pure comedy, but he does not pass it. *Vers de société* does not suit the couplet, and hence the greater eighteenth century writers are not very prolific. Gay's manner is, in truth, very suitable, but in his works there is a certain languishing air which is seductive enough, especially in the mock pastorals, but yet cannot quite agree with the brightness and vitality inseparable from true *vers de société*. Pope is another instance to show that a real poet cannot write it. He was forever writing on suitable subjects, but his magnificent powers of style, his ear for verse which is always classic in spirit, even when most restricted and benumbed by sameness, and his splendid inspirations of expression, raise his verse to too high a level. He cannot compliment a second-rate Irish painter on his portraits of the beauties of the day without introducing so sonorous and so proudly worded a couplet as, —

Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes.

This is not workmanship fit for Dresden china; it is more like what is required for the Venus of the Capitol, or the florid splendors of the Naples Juno. Yet once he taught his hand the exact touch. When he paid Mrs. Howard perhaps the prettiest compliment ever paid in the language of common sense, he is exactly within the limits : —

I know the thing that's most uncommon
(Envy, be silent, and attend !)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend ;

Not warped by passion, aw'd by rumor,
Not grave through pride, or gay through
folly,
An equal mixture of good humor,
And sensible soft melancholy.

How different is this from the manner of
"The Rape of the Lock," or of the "Moral
Essays"! There is no *vers de société* in
the reflection: —

Oh! bless'd with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting, sways,
Yet has her humor most when she obeys.

Still less in the magnificent compliment to
Martha Blount which ends the epistle: —

Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
Fixed principles, with fancy ever new:
Shakes all together, and produces — you!

The "Miscellanies," which were forever appearing throughout the latter half of the eighteenth century, contain plenty of *vers de société* which, as far as subject and style go, may readily be admitted. The quality, however, is for the most part very indifferent. Charles Fox's rhymes are sometimes spoken of as excellent in their kind, but in truth they are not well enough worked to deserve to be called *vers de société*. Canning, in the next generation, is too much of a satirist, while Byron is too full of passion on the one hand, and comic force on the other. Yet some of his verses can properly be allowed under this head. The lines beginning, "Hurra! Hobhouse, we are going," the song of "The Spanish Ladies," originally meant to be inserted in "Childe Harold," and "Oh! talk not to me of the names great in story," might all be included. With Tom Moore it is very difficult to deal. We have no desire to speak of him with disrespect as a poet, but there is no denying that though he was always trying to catch the tone of *vers de société*, he never succeeded. When he puts any real feeling into his verses, as in "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," he rises above the required level; when he does not, his slipshod style, his shambling and pretentious melody, and his vulgarity of expression and thought, render him quite unworthy to strike the lyre of elegance. It is not till Praed began to write that we get again real perfection. It is not too much to say of him that he has nothing to learn in his particular art. He

is never too gay, never too solemn. He is always breathing the air of good society, without ever the slightest fear of a vulgar slip to haunt the reader. He is as little likely to make an unmelodious line or an awkward sentence; as he is to perpetrate a dull joke or an ill-bred phrase. He is easy without being slangy, mock-serious without burlesque, gay without grimaces. He has lightness uninjured by thoughtlessness, scholarship without pedantry, good breeding without pomposity or pride. Perhaps not the least delightful of the delightful reprints which the public is now being offered in exchange for its shillings and sixpences, is the little volume of selections from Praed in the "Canterbury Poets." We will not pledge ourselves to its being the best possible selection, but it fills a very great want, and makes Praed accessible to every one. With such a field, it is hardly possible to quote. Perhaps the last stanza of "My Partner" is as representative as any, though somewhat hackneyed: —

Our love was like most other loves,
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rosebud, and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly not yet" — upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows, — and then we parted.

Yet some admirers will insist on giving the palm to "The Portrait of a Lady," where the poet puts all the possible conjectures concerning the unnamed Academy portrait: —

I see they've brought you flowers to-day;
Delicious food for eyes and noses;
But carelessly you turn away
From all the pinks and all the roses.
Say, is that fond look sent in search
Of one whose looks as fondly answers,
And is he fairest in the Church?
Or is he — ain't he — in the Lancers?

To see how absolutely essential is this lightness, and yet certainty of touch, we have only to turn to Thackeray. As poetry, as the work of a genius, how infinitely superior! but as *vers de société*, how much below Praed! "The Cane-bottom'd Chair" is far too full of deep and tender sentiment, the "Almack's Adieu" is too satirical. In the present generation, Mr. Frederick Locker alone has done anything to imitate Praed successfully. Some of his verse is, indeed, charming, and all of it is composed in the true manner. Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Austin Dobson have both tried their hands at the difficult task. Mr. Lang,

though he can write so pleasantly, has hardly enough "go" about him. He is quaint, he is learned and ingenious, he is melodious; but his work is just too labored, just too pedantic, smells just too much of the study. Mr. Austin Dobson is a truer poet, but hardly hits the mark. We cannot call him a greater success. With him, somehow, the suburbs are always with us. Clapham is doubtless just as tender and true, and may be just as witty, as St. James's and Mayfair; and yet the verses that deal with the people who live in the latter, alone are tolerable as *vers de société*. Not that we for a moment suggest that Mr. Austin Dobson's verses have any particular local color. Our geographical allusion is solely by way of example. We only feel that, somehow or other, a society living, dancing, flirting, making puns, and talking politics in the widest sense, is the society which must be described, and that the slightly too decorous and thoughtful surroundings of the modern literary man are hardly the most suitable atmosphere for such verse. We cannot bid adieu to the subject before us without alluding to Mr. Frederick Locker's charming collection of *vers de société*. This anthology of exotics is indeed a delightful possession. Happy is the man who has his bookshelves full of them. Wise is the man who obtains a copy when he sees one in a sale-room or on a book-stall.

From Nature.

DRYING UP OF SIBERIAN LAKES.

THE rapid drying up of lakes in the Aral-Caspian depression, in so far as it appears from surveys made during the last hundred years, is the subject of a very interesting and important paper contributed by M. Yadrintseff to the last issue of the *Izvestia* of the St. Petersburg Geographical Society (vol. xxii., fasc. 1). Two maps, which will be most welcome to physical geographers, accompany the paper. One of them represents the group of lakes Sumy, Abyshkan, Moloki, and Tchany, in the governments of Tobolsk and Tomsk, according to a survey made in 1784. The other represents the same lakes according to three different surveys made during our century, in 1813 to 1820, in 1850 to 1860, and finally in 1880, and it shows thus the rapid progress of drying up of these lakes. There are also earlier maps of Lake Tchany, which represent it

as having very many islands (Pallas estimated their number at seventy), but they are not reliable. As to the map of 1784, no cartographer, accustomed to distinguish "nature-true" maps from fancy ones, would hesitate in recognizing it as quite reliable as to its general features. It is also fully confirmed by the ulterior detailed surveys dating from the beginning of our century. It appears from this series of four maps, dating from different periods, that the drying up has gone on at a speed which will surely appear astonishing to geographers. The group of lakes consisted of three large lakes—Sumy, Abyshkan, and Tchany, with a smaller lake, Moloki, between the two latter. Lake Tchany (the largest of the three) has much diminished in size, especially in its eastern and southern parts; but the greatest changes have gone on in the other lakes. Whole villages have grown on the site formerly occupied by Lake Moloki, which had a length of twenty miles at the end of last century, and now is hardly three miles wide. Of Lake Abyshkan, which had a length of forty miles from north to south, and a width of seventeen miles in the earlier years of this century, and whose surface was estimated at five hundred and thirty square miles, only three small ponds have remained, the largest of them being hardly one mile and a half wide. The drying up has been going on with remarkable rapidity. Even twenty-five years ago there were several lakes ten and eight miles long and wide, where there are now but little ponds. Lake Tchebakly, which was represented in 1784 as an oval forty miles long and thirty miles wide, has an elongated irregular shape on the map of the beginning of our century; it measures, however, still forty miles in length, and its width varies from seven to twenty miles; while several small lakes to the east of it show its former extension. Thirty years later we find in the same place but a few small lakes, the largest of which hardly has a length and width of three miles; and now, three small ponds, the largest of them having a width of less than two miles, are all that remain of a lake which covered about three hundred and fifty square miles a hundred years ago. The same process is going on throughout the lakes of west Siberia, and throughout the Aral-Caspian depression. No geologist doubted upon it, but we cannot but heartily thank M. Yadrintseff for having published documents which permit to estimate the rapidity of the process.